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THE
ART OF READING

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INTRODUCTION
TO THE
ART OF READING



EXPLAINED IN A SERIES OF
INSTRUCTIONS AND EXERCISES ON ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION

BY J. G. GRAHAM

LONDON
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS

1861

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PREFACE.

THE object of the following pages, is to supply those engaged in the education of youth with a practical means of impressing on their pupils some of the most important principles of English pronunciation. Experience has convinced the writer that the efforts of a teacher, however judiciously or assiduously applied, are insufficient without the aid of a systematical text-book, to correct those vices of pronunciation into which young persons so commonly fall, much more frequently from habits of inattention and carelessness, than from inaptitude of the organs of speech. But whatever may be the source of the evil, the remedy to be applied must be the same. "These, and other similar faults," says Dr. Blair, speaking of the various instances of defective articulation, "may be cor-

rected by daily reading sentences so contrived as frequently to repeat the sounds that are incorrectly uttered." In accordance with these views, the author has given his chief attention, in the present volume, to what he considers the essential elements of good reading and speaking, distinct articulate utterance, and correct pronunciation: it will be readily admitted, he thinks, that where these are wanting, the higher graces of expression are without value. In drawing up the following lessons, the observations of Mr. Walker, so far as they have been found applicable to modern pronunciation, have been adhered to, but wherever his precepts are at variance with the present reputable usage, they have been abandoned without hesitation. Those which have been found available have been made more practical by connecting them with a series of short exercises adapted to illustrate their principles; and several lessons and exercises have been added on the correction of faults that do not appear to have been noticed either by the above-mentioned author, or by later writers on the subject. In one or two of the prose extracts, a few words have been substituted for the original, in order to increase the number of examples; an object, that could have been attained otherwise, only by

extending each piece to an inconvenient length. This was not thought desirable; particularly as the work is intended in no way to supersede approved Class Reading books, but to be used as a supplementary course of instruction, which, although absolutely necessary, none of them contain. The chapter on the pronunciation of the consonants is founded on Dr. Crombie's observations on that subject, in his excellent treatise on etymology and syntax. These exercises have no pretension to eradicate impediments of speech arising from peculiar nervous temperament: defects of this kind are the province of the physician. But all instances of imperfect articulation caused by anomalous conformation of the organs, such as narrowness of the palate, irregular arrangement of the teeth, confined action of the tongue, &c., may be benefited by the following course practised with perseverance.

The work is intended chiefly for youth; but it is hoped that it will be found useful to foreigners, and to many of our own countrymen whose duties require them to read or speak in public.

When used as a school book, one or two lessons should be read carefully by the class each day. Particular exercises may be also selected at

the discretion of the teacher, applicable to the faults of individual pupils. The longer poetical extracts, which have been collected from the most approved authors, may, after having been read frequently to the satisfaction of the teacher, be committed to memory and recited, with the restrictions commented on in the introductory treatise.

Hammersmith :

May, 1861.

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THE ART OF READING.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE ART OF READING

Errata.

- Page 5, line 13, *for embue read imbue.*
„ 14, „ 26, „ *farter „ farther.*
„ 50, „ 19, *after silver add a semicolon.*
„ 41, „ 12, *for when read where.*
„ 106, „ 8, „ *woos „ woos.*

consideration. To the minister of religion it is an indispensable acquirement. To the lawyer and the statesman it is scarcely less so; and there are many others, such as secretaries to public institutions, and lecturers on science and literature, who derive the greatest advantage in their several

THE ART OF READING.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE ART OF READING.

It requires no elaborate arguments to prove that reading with correct articulation, accent, tone, emphasis, and pauses, is both an elegant and useful accomplishment. The universal esteem in which it has always been held, the power it confers of awakening an interest in subjects of the greatest importance both to our social condition and our spiritual welfare, are sufficient alone to show that this pleasing art is entitled to high consideration. To the minister of religion it is an indispensable acquirement. To the lawyer and the statesman it is scarcely less so ; and there are many others, such as secretaries to public institutions, and lecturers on science and literature, who derive the greatest advantage in their several

pursuits from a facility of communicating in a clear and impressive manner the facts or the instruction they have to convey. But if the art is valuable in a public point of view it is no less so in private life. It is the mark of a polite education and a cultivated taste, and is one of the standards by which we judge of the extent of literary attainments. What, moreover, can contribute so agreeably to the charms of the social and domestic circle as the well-read tale? What can be more gratifying to the young than to feel that they have the power of beguiling the weary hours of an infirm or afflicted parent or relative; of diverting their thoughts from care or suffering, and calling a smile of pleasure into their pale and grief-worn countenance?

But the pleasure we derive under any circumstances from reading aloud for the instruction and amusement of others is far greater than what is afforded by the silent perusal of a book. The consciousness that we are exciting their sympathies, and making them partakers of the interest it awakens in ourselves is always an additional source of gratification. The difficulty then, is not to prove that it is desirable to read effectively, but to point out a practical method of acquiring the accomplishment. On this subject there is considerable difference both in the opinion and practice of writers. While some contend that nature assisted by good sense is sufficient, combined with

ordinary training in elementary instruction, to form a good reader or speaker, others insist that the principles of this, as of all sciences, are reducible to a system, and have accordingly invented a variety of symbols intended to represent the various tones, inflections, emphasis, pauses, and modulation, suitable to the nature of the subject. Now it appears that reading is an exercise partly mechanical and partly intellectual; the first of these branches may therefore be considered under the head of *perspicuity*, the second in connection with the terms *energy* and *elegance*.

To read with perspicuity requires a firm, deliberate, intelligible articulation, and a correct as opposed to a vulgar or provincial pronunciation. As these requisites form the subject of the following lessons, it is unnecessary to anticipate them here. But besides these it embraces the management of the voice with respect to loudness, clearness, and rate of utterance. A stooping posture should be avoided, as it hinders the expansion of the chest and the free transmission of sound. It is seldom necessary to raise the voice above the pitch that is natural to it in ordinary discourse. A rapid and hurried utterance should be avoided with the greatest care, as it leaves no room for strong emphasis or firm and distinct articulation, the latter of which is of much greater assistance in enabling the reader to be heard by a large audience, than any increased effort of the voice.

A very common cause of indistinctness is found in those irregular bursts of the voice, which many readers and speakers apply to the expression of every third or fourth accented syllable whether requiring emphasis or not, drowning the intermediate words in the reverberation of the sound. The vocal effort should be continuous and regular. In long sentences care should be taken so to economise the breath that the close may be distinctly heard. Another common fault, arising apparently from nervousness, is that of reading with the teeth nearly closed, which renders it impossible to give their due sound either to the vowels or consonants. It needs scarcely be added that every word should be pronounced with the proper accentuation. It appears then, that the faults belonging to this branch of the subject are of a mechanical kind, and may be therefore corrected by precept, the practice of proper exercises, and the example of teachers and others who enjoy the reputation of reading with propriety.

But even when due attention is given to all these particulars, a reader seldom succeeds in gaining the attention of his hearers so completely as one who is speaking. We naturally sympathise with those who are delivering their own sentiments; whereas the consciousness that the reader in many instances is only the exponent of the views of others, never fails to give an artificial character to his performance. Even those who

are reading their own composition often deliver it in a more formal and frigid manner than when they are speaking the same sentiments as they rise in their minds. The written expression, though probably more harmonious, is not so bold or striking as the unprepared utterance of the same thoughts would have been, which, having lost the freshness of their conception, are naturally delivered with less animation. This disadvantage must be supplied as far as possible by *energy*. To read with energy we must both understand and feel what we read, we must appropriate the author's sentiments, we must imbue ourselves thoroughly with his views and feelings, otherwise we cannot reflect a faithful image of them in the minds of those whom we address. It is undeniable that no one can read forcibly or *elegantly* without the emphasis, tones, modulation, and pauses suitable to the subject of his discourse. But there is good reason for concluding that excellence in this higher department of the art, is not to be attained by an artificial system of symbols which appeal merely to the eye. It proceeds, as Dr. Whately has judiciously remarked, upon the erroneous principle, that the reader is to give his attention to the tones and cadence of his voice, that is to the manner rather than the matter of his discourse. But it should be observed that earnestness gives a tone to language which art cannot successfully imitate; and that all effort to

secure approbation for a faultless delivery weakens the power of persuasion. A free, natural, and unembarrassed delivery must be made so habitual to the reader as not to need his special attention when engaged in the task of convincing his hearers of important truths. When a discourse is really well delivered, few, except professed critics, concern themselves at all with the reader's elocution ; they are too deeply interested in the matter of the discourse to notice anything external. The thoughts of the reader should therefore be withdrawn entirely from the sound of the words, and it should be left to nature to suggest the proper emphasis and tones. The listless languor which marks the elocution of a large number of readers proceeds, there is reason to fear, in many cases from indifference ; but false tones and emphasis invariably betray that imperfect appreciation of the subject which marks a defective intellectual training. It is impossible, therefore, to overrate the importance of explaining to young persons all that they read. The drawling monotony commonly observed in children who receive elementary instruction in schools of an inferior kind, is to be entirely ascribed to the neglect of this essential element of education. Not only should the exercises be suited to the capacity of the learner, but care should be taken by the teacher to explain the meaning, in familiar language, both of single words and entire passages. The

pupils should also be questioned on what they have been reading, and invited to give an account of it. In this manner their comprehension will be enlarged, and their tone of reading improved to the same extent. In every case of correction the appeal must be made to the understanding, not to the ear alone. The pupil must be made to perceive what particular emotion a given word or passage is intended to express, such as grief, joy, surprise, admiration, &c., and when he fully comprehends it, there will be no need for the instructor to supply tones which are quite as natural to the pupil as to himself.

The practice of reciting, if pursued at all, requires to be superintended by a teacher of cultivated taste and judgment. No one can doubt the advantage to be derived from committing to memory the noble sentiments of our great poets and orators; a familiarity with what is good and great tends to cherish and develope the seeds of virtue and wisdom, to elevate the mind, and give a refined tone to the character. Nothing, however, should be committed to memory by the pupil that he does not fully understand; nor is it advisable that such writings should be recited with studied tones and gestures. Not that it is necessary to suppress the natural expression of emotion to which the passages recited will always give rise in those who understand what they are repeating; but the greatest care should be taken

to avoid all extravagant demonstration and theatrical attempt at effect. Under these regulations, the practice of repeating either prose or poetry with due attention to a firm and distinct articulation may be made a beneficial elocutionary exercise.

CHAP. II.

ON ELEMENTARY SOUNDS AND LETTERS.

IN order to pronounce correctly, it is necessary to understand the elementary sounds belonging to the letters which are their symbols.

These sounds are either simple or compound. The simple vowel sounds are as follows:—

A has four sounds, as,

1st in *fall*, 2nd in *bat*, 3rd in *fate*, 4th in *rather*.

E has two sounds, as,

1st in *met*, 2nd in *feet*.

I has one sound, as in *tin*.

O has three sounds, as,

1st in *stool*, 2nd in *note*, 3rd in *not*.

U has two sounds, as,

1st in *but*, 2nd in *full*.

To these are added the sound of *aw* in *bawl*, of *w* in *wine*, and *y* in *youth*. The two latter are semi or half vowel sounds. The consonant sounds are divided into mutes and liquids to which are added the sounds of *h*, *ng*, *ch*, *j*, *th*, and *sh*.

The mutes are fourteen in number, and are either sharp or flat. The sharp mutes require

for their pronunciation a closer and more forcible appulse of the organs, viz. the lips, the teeth, the palate, and the tongue; and differ from the flat mutes in either completely arresting the sound of the voice, or being heard in a whisper. All the flat mutes are audible, requiring a slight contraction of the larynx for their utterance.

The mute sounds correspond as follows:—

Sharp.		Flat.
P in <i>post</i> ,	corresponds with	B in <i>boast</i> .
F in <i>first</i> ,	„ „	V in <i>vain</i> .
T in <i>true</i> ,	„ „	D in <i>dull</i> .
Th in <i>thick</i>	„ „	Th in <i>then</i> .
K in <i>king</i> ,	„ „	G in <i>gun</i> .
S in <i>sing</i> ,	„ „	Z in <i>zeal</i> .
Sh in <i>ship</i> ,	„ „	Z in <i>azure</i> .

Of these, it will be perceived on trial, that P T and K completely obstruct the voice till they receive their sound by the divulsion or drawing apart of the organs, and that Th (sharp), F and S are merely whispered.

The liquid sounds are as follows:—

L, as in <i>leap</i> .	M, as in <i>meat</i> .
N, as in <i>not</i> .	R, as in <i>rate</i> .

They are called liquids from the softness of their sound and their flowing readily into that of the other consonants.

The other elementary sounds are *h* as in *height*,

ng as in *sing*, *ch* (tsh) as in *church*, and *j* (dzh) as in *jest*.

The compound elementary sounds are as follows: —

ou	as in <i>house</i> .
oi	as in <i>voice</i> .
i	as in <i>wine</i> .
u	as in <i>tune</i> .
ew	as in <i>few</i> .
o	as in <i>most</i> .
e	as in <i>here</i> .

That these are compound or double sounds will be readily perceived on sounding the preceding words slowly and deliberately, dwelling a little on the vowels.

Thus, *house* is *ha-oose*, where the *a* is sounded as in *far*, and *oo* as in *tool*. *Voice* is *vo-ece*, where the *o* is sounded as in *for*, and the *e* as in *meet*. *Wine* is *wa-een*, where *a* is sounded as in *far*, and *ee* as in *meet*. *Few* is *fe-oo*, where *e* is sounded as in *me*, and *oo* as in *tool*. *Most* is *mo-oost*, where the first part of the *o* is sounded as the *aw* in *maw*, and the second part as the *oo* in *roost*. *Here* is *he-er*, where the first *e* is sounded as in *me*, and the second as in *herb*.

CHAP. III.

ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE CONSONANTS.

IN the formation of the consonants, five distinct positions of the organs may be observed. In the *first*, the mouth is closed by the application of the lips to each other. The letters pronounced in this way are *p*, *b*, and *m*. To sound *p* at the beginning of a word, the lips should be firmly closed, and suddenly opened so as to emit the vowel sound. At the end of a word, the vowel sound that precedes it is arrested by the closure of the lips. In this way are sounded *pa* and *ap*. All that is required in order to sound *b* in combination with a vowel, either preceding or following it, is to preserve the same position of the lips, and when the *b* is initial to commence the utterance by an audible sound from the throat; where it is final or at the end of a syllable, the guttural sound must follow the closure of the lips. The want of a sufficiently forcible expression of this guttural sound, common to all the flat mutes, gives feebleness to the tone of many readers whose enunciation is in other respects correct.

m is formed by closing the lips and emitting the breath through the nostrils.

In the *second position*, the under lip is applied to the fore teeth of the upper jaw; the letters sounded in this way are *f* and *v*: the first, a sharp mute simply articulated by emitting the breath forcibly between the fore teeth and upper lip; the latter, a flat mute articulated in the same way with the assistance of the guttural sound.

The *third position* is the application of the tongue to the fore teeth: and thus is sounded the combination *th*, as in *thin* and *then* — formed, in the first of these words, with the breath only, and in the second, by the joint action of the breath and voice.

The *fourth position* is the application of the fore part of the tongue to the fore part of the palate. The letters so pronounced are *t*, *d*, *s*, *z*, *r*, *l*, *n*. In the case of *s*, *z*, and *r*, the contact of the tongue and palate is not complete. In order to sound *s*, the point of the tongue is turned up towards the upper gum, and the breath forced through the narrow opening left between them. *z*, which is its corresponding flat mute, is sounded in the same way, with the assistance of the guttural murmur.

To sound the rough *r* at the beginning of a word, the point of the tongue should be made to vibrate rapidly close to the upper jaw, and a little behind its position for sounding *d*. The

smooth *r* before a consonant, in the middle, or at the end of a word, is produced by a slight contraction of the tongue, a little farther back in the mouth; *l* is produced by applying the point of the tongue to the fore part of the palate, a little behind the place of *d*, and allowing the voice to pass over the sides of the tongue.

If the voice be prevented from escaping through the mouth, by the tongue being flattened, while its point remains in the same position as for *l*, and the breath be emitted through the nose, we shall have the sound of *n*.

The *fifth position* is the application of the middle part of the tongue to the palate. The letters thus pronounced are *k*, *g* hard as in (game) *sh*, *j*, and *ng*.

The letter *k* is pronounced by pressing the middle of the tongue closely against the roof of the mouth, and so intercepting the voice. Thus would be sounded *king*, *rank*. With the assistance of the guttural murmur, the same position produces the hard *g* as in *go*, *rag*. These two letters, like *d* and *t*, &c., correspond as sharp and flat mutes. The sound of *sh* is obtained by raising the middle of the tongue towards the palate, while the point is moved farther forwards, and emitting the breath through an opening somewhat wider than in sounding *s*. The same position accompanied by the guttural murmur, produces the sound of the French *j*, as heard in the French

word *justice*. This letter in English is a double consonant compounded of *d* and the French *j*, in that order, as in *join*, *jetty*, *conjure*.

The combination *ng* is pronounced by keeping the tongue in the same position as for *k* or hard *g*, and emitting the voice partly through the nose and partly through the mouth.

The sound of the aspirate *h* is produced by forcing the breath from the open mouth immediately before the utterance of the vocal sound, which follows it so closely that the two efforts appear simultaneous.

CHAP. IV.

LESSONS AND EXERCISES.

LESSON 1.

ON THE SOUND OF THE LONG VOWELS.

MANY readers make their enunciation very indistinct, by giving a feeble, incorrect, and mincing tone to the open vowels. It is very common to hear such words as *roses*, *flaming*, *duty*, sounded as if written, *ruzzes*, *flemming*, *jitty*. In the following exercise a full, open, bold sound is to be given to the vowels printed in Italics.

EXERCISE 1.

These are thy glorious works, parent of good,
Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair, thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens.
To us invisible or dimly *seen*,
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels, for ye behold Him, and with songs

And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing ; ye in heav'n :
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him *last*, Him midst and without end.

Milton.

LESSON 2.

ON THE SOUND OF UNACCENTED VOWELS.

ONE of the most striking defects in the reading and speaking of ill educated persons is a vulgar pronunciation, or complete suppression of vowels not under the accent.

Thus we hear *singular, regular, particular*, sounded as if written *singlar, reglar, particlar*. This completely destroys one of the greatest sources of beauty in reading and speaking, which depends very much on giving their due value and purity of sound to all vowels not under the accent. In the exercise which follows, the unaccented vowels which require particular attention are printed in italics. Another fault, quite as common as the one just mentioned, is the complete suppression of the letter *r*, following an unaccented vowel in the same syllable. Thus instead of *government, understanding*, we hear *govnment undstanding, &c.*

EXERCISE 2.

Temperature depends upon the property all bodies possess, more or less, of perpetually absorbing and emitting or radiating heat. When the interchange is equal, the temperature of a substance remains the same; but when the radiation exceeds the absorption, it becomes colder, and *vice versâ*. The temperature of the air is certainly raised by the passage of the solar heat through it, because it absorbs one third of it before reaching the earth, but it is chiefly warmed by heat transmitted and radiated from the earth. The radiation is abundant when the sky is still, clear, and blue; but clouds intercept it, so that a thermometer rises in cloudy weather and sinks when the air becomes clear and calm; even a slight mist diminishes radiation from the earth, because it returns as much heat as it receives. The temperature of the air is subject to such irregularities from these circumstances, and from the difference of the radiating powers of the bodies at the surface of the globe, that it is necessary to find by experiment the mean or average warmth of the day, month, and year, at a great variety of places, in order to have a *standard* by which the temperature in different parallels of latitude may be compared. — *Somerville*.

LESSON 3.

ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF VOWELS UNDER THE SECONDARY
AND PRIMARY ACCENT.

THE secondary accent is a stress of the voice sometimes laid on another syllable besides that which has the principal accent, for the purpose of giving a fuller and more harmonious pronunciation to the word. In the words *ammunition*, *prohibition*, *commendation*, this accent is on the first syllable, and the principal one on the third. The quantity of the vowel under the secondary accent, when followed by two consonants in such words as *opposition*, *ostentation*, *abrogation*, is not to be mistaken; but in words where a single consonant follows it has occasioned great difference of opinion. This would have been prevented by due attention to the analogies of our language, or that conventional custom which decides on what is most harmonious to an English ear. The following rules should be attended to: 1st. Polysyllables which have the principal accent on the third syllable have every vowel in the first syllable except *u* invariably short, unless an inverted diphthong succeed, as *pro,l-on,gátion*, *pre,j-u,dícial*, *e,l-e,mentary*, *o,p-eratic*: 2ndly. In dissyllables, when a penultimate vowel, with the primary accent upon it, ends a syllable before a single consonant, that vowel is commonly long, as *ma-ker*, *de-cent*,

si-lent, lo-cal, lu-cid. But to this there are numerous exceptions, such as, *pro,v-ince, pro,v-ost stu,d-y, ma,g-ic*, and many more. But any antepenultimate vowel similarly situated is mostly short; as *fa,b-u-lous, de,r-o-gate, di,l-igence, pro,-v-i-dence.*

EXERCISE 3.

CONFLAGRATIONS OF FORESTS IN SWEDEN.

We passed some extensive tracts of fōrests consumed by fire, the appearance of which was *dě,s-olating* in the extreme. The beautiful cōv-ering of lively green, on which the eye had rested with so much plēasure, had disappeared; while around lay scattered in all directions blackened trunks of withered pines, like fragments of charcoal. Vārious causes may be said to combine in producing these northern conflagrations; it is not surprising, therefore, that they should so often occur. It is a gēneral practice with the pēasants, when they wish to clear a portion of the fōrest that may have been allotted them, to effect it by burning. This not only saves them the infinite lābour of removing the thick underwood, and facilitates the prōgress of the axe, but is very *bě,neficial* to the land, as the ashes form a highly fertilising manure. It frequently happens, however, from not using prōper precautions, or from beginning the *ō,p-eration* when the dry sēason is too far advanced, that they are unable to confine the fire within the intended limits, and it soon *prōpagates* itself over a wide tract of country, carrying with it destruction and ruin.

Lightning not unfrequently causes these extensive *de,v-astations*, falling on the dry branches of a decayed pine, which it sets on fire, and this communicates quickly to the parched moss beneath. A peasant, after smoking, knocks out the ashes of his pipe; for some hours they lie smothered and concealed; by and by the rising breeze fans them into life and flame, and the work of destruction is begun. Running through the moss as dry and inflammable as tinder, the flame meets a pine, and quick as lightning ascends it, assisted by the *rĕsinous* juices of the tree. In this manner it spreads *răpidly* through the whole forest, which, crackling amid flame and smoke, presents a spectacle terrific and imposing The *tĕ,n-ants* of the forest, *drĭv-en* from their wild haunts, hitherto undisturbed, flee before their irresistible enemy into parts before secure from *mŏ,l-estation*; and bears and wolves, forced from their accustomed retreats toward the *hă,b-itations* of man, make desperate attacks upon the cattle of the peasants.

LESSON 4.

ON THE SOUND OF *d*, *t*, *s*, AND SOFT *c* AFTER THE ACCENT,
AND FOLLOWED BY THE INVERTED DIPHTHONGS AND
LONG *u*.

THE practice recommended by Mr. Walker, of sounding the letters *d* and *t*, when thus situated, like *j* and *ch* respectively, is contrary to the

custom of good readers and speakers of the present day.

- We should not, as was done in Mr. Walker's time, pronounce the words *odious*, *verdure*, *virtue*, as if written *ojious*, *verjure*, *virchue*; but *o-di-ous* *verd-ure*, *virt-ue*, giving their simple sound to the *t* and *d*; *t* not preceded by *s*, and soft *c* are sounded like *sh*, when followed by *ia*, *ie*, and *io*. Double *s* is sounded like *sh* before long *u*, as *issue*, *assurance*, (*ishue*) (*ashurance*); and single *s* in a few words, as *sure*, *sugar*, (*shure*) (*shugar*), sometimes also like *zh* as *pleasure*, *treasure*, (*pleazhure*) (*treazhure*).

EXERCISE 4.

In all probability the *destruction* of Frontenac facilitated the expedition against Fort du Quesne, entrusted to the conduct of Brigadier Forbes, who with his little army began his march in the beginning of July from Philadelphia to the river Ohio, a prodigious tract of *verdure* very little known, *destitute* of military roads, encumbered with mountains, morasses, and woods that were almost impenetrable. It was not without incredible *exertion* that he procured provisions and carriages, formed new roads, extended scouting parties, secured camps and surmounted many other difficulties in the course of his *tedious* march, during which he was also harassed by small detachments of the enemy's *Indians*.

Hume.

FRIENDSHIP.

Then judge yourself and prove your man
As circumspectly as you can,
And having made election,
Beware no negligence of yours,
Such as a friend but ill *endures*,
Enfeeble his affection.

Pursue the search, and you will find
Good sense and knowledge of mankind,
To be at least *expedient*,
And after summing all the rest,
Religion ruling in the breast,
A principal *ingredient*. *Cowper.*

Him the Almighty power,
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With *hideous* ruin and *combustion*, down
To bottomless perdition.

LESSON 5.

ON THE SOUND OF THE FINAL CONSONANTS.

IN order to read distinctly, it is necessary to be particularly attentive to the sound of the final consonant, whether the following word commence with a consonant or a vowel. A fault very common with young persons, and careless readers in general,

is the complete omission of the letter *d* in the word *and* before a vowel, sounding it as if it were written *an*. This, when the next word begins with a similar sound, has a very disagreeable effect. For example, an orange *an* an apple. Another vice is the improper suppression of the letter *f* before words beginning with *th*. Instead of "What is the time of the day?" you hear, "What is the time o' the day?" Its omission before the other consonants also is not infrequent. For example, "A sheet o' paper; a train o' camels; a piece o' chalk." This faulty pronunciation arises from a slight difficulty in sounding the combination of consonants brought together in a situation where there is no room for a pause. But it is a difficulty easily overcome by a deliberate articulation. The consonant sounds which terminate sentences or members of sentences where a pause is required, should always be pronounced very distinctly. In order to effect this, the reader should be careful, at every pause on a consonant, especially *t* and *d*, to separate the organs so as to let the letter expend itself in a slight vowel sound.

This exercise especially, requires to be practised under the direction of a judicious teacher, otherwise the pupil may fall into the opposite error of giving too theatrical a sound to the final consonant.

EXERCISE 5.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours *of* day are numbered,
And the voices of the *night*
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy calm *delight* ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight,
Dance upon the parlour wall ;

Then the forms *of* the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved, the true hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road side fell and perished,
Weary with the march *of* life !

They, the holy ones and weakly
Who the cross *of* suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in Heaven.

With a slow *and* noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger *divine* ;
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits *and* gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes ;
Like the stars, so still *and* saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer ;
Soft rebukes in blessing ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed *and* lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember, only
Such as these have lived and died.

Longfellow.

LESSON 6.

ON THE LETTER *r*.

THE correct sound of this letter, which is to be pronounced according to the rule given in the Third Chapter, is a medium between the forcible pronunciation of the Irish, and the feeble indistinct tone given to it by the inhabitants of the

English metropolis. Both the rough and the smooth *r* are indistinctly sounded by Londoners, but more especially the latter. Instead of *garden*, *York*, *fork*, *card*, *reward*, you hear, *gaaden*, *Yauk*, *fauk*, *caad*, *rewaad*. The smooth sound of *r* in these and similar words should be distinctly heard. Some young persons have a difficulty in sounding the rough *r* at the beginning of words, and after a consonant, and seek to obviate it by improperly substituting the sound of *w*. Thus instead of saying, "He ran down the terrace," they say, "He wan down the tewwace." If this be not checked early, it is likely to become an incurable habit. The defect may be corrected, if not inveterate, by any teacher who will be at the pains of directing the pupil's attention to the proper position of the organs, sounding each word deliberately himself with a slight pause on the *r*, and making the learner repeat it after him in the same manner.

EXERCISE 6.

Still is the toiling hand of care,
The panting herds repose ;
Yet hark ! how through the peopled air,
The busy murmur glows !
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honeyed spring,
And float amid the liquid noon ;
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily gilded trim,
Quick glancing to the sun.

To contemplation's sober eye,
 Such is the race of man;
 And they that creep, and they that fly
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the busy and the gay,
 But flutter through life's little day,
 In fortune's varying colours drest;
 Brushed by the hand of rough mischance,
 Or chilled by age, *their airy dance*
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low,
 The sportive kind reply;
 Poor moralist! and what art thou?
 A solitary fly!
 Thy joys no glittering female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display;
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone,
 We frolic while 'tis May.

Gray.

LESSON 7.

ON THE SOUND IN THE TERMINATIONS, *tion, sion, tious, &c.*

NOTHING can be more offensive to a correct ear, or tends so much to vitiate the whole pronunciation, as excluding the vowel sounds from words having these endings, and, as it were, crushing the

consonants together. Such words as *relation*, *station*, *occasion*, should not be sounded as if written *relashn*, *stashn*, *occashn*, as they too frequently are, but thus: *relashun*, *stashun*, *occashun*, the vowel sound in the final syllable being that of *u*.

EXERCISE 7.

ON VISION.

Sight is the most perfect and delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the greatest variety of ideas, converses with objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of feeling can indeed give us a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colours: but yet it is much straitened and confined in its operation, to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular objects. Our sight seems designed to supply all these defects, and may be considered as a more delicate and diffusive kind of touch that spreads itself over an infinite multitude of bodies, comprehends the largest figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote parts of the universe. All modern philosophers agree that vision is performed by rays of light reflected from the several points of objects, received in at the pupil of the eye, refracted and collected in their passage through the coats and humours of the retina; and thus striking or making on so many points of it an impression, which is conveyed to the brain by the correspondent capillaments or fibres of the optic nerve.

The cornea or second coat of the eye being of a

convex figure, performs the office of a glass lens. To illustrate this by a familiar example, put a glass lens into a hole made in the window shutter of a darkened room, present a pasteboard to this lens, and you will immediately have a picture, in which all the objects without, whether still or in *action* will be painted with the greatest *precision*, and according to the rules of the most exact perspective.

The humours of the eye act in the same way as the lens in the camera obscura; the retina serves as the pasteboard. The black skin which hangs within the pupil, performs the office of a shutter that excludes the light; it extinguishes the rays whose reflection would render the image less distinct. The pupil, by contracting or dilating itself in proportion to the strength of the light, moderates the *action* of the rays on the retina, and the nerve placed behind this communicates to the brain, as before observed, the various concussions it receives, and to which various perceptions correspond.—*Addison*.

LESSON 8.

ON SOUNDING THE ASPIRATED *h*.

THERE can scarcely be anything more disagreeable to a correct ear, than the vice of sinking the initial letter *h*, in words where it ought to be heard.

The following is an enumeration of the only words in our language in which this initial letter

is not sounded: — *Heir, heiress, herb, herbage, herbal, herbaceous, honest, honesty, honestly, honour, honourable, honourably, hostler, hour, hourly, humour, humorist, humorous, humorously*. It should be observed that the words *hospital, humble, and humbly*, which formerly belonged to the above class, are now very generally sounded with aspiration by the best public readers and speakers. It should be further noticed that *h* is not sounded in words beginning with that letter, after the indefinite article, if the accent fall on the second syllable; we say a *history*, an *histórian*, a *heresy*, an *herétical* doctrine, &c.

It is very desirable that the pupil should commit this list of words to memory.

EXERCISE 8.

Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
They, *who* their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment death,
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. *How* many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. *How* many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread

Of misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid *hut*
Of cheerless poverty. *How* many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;
Whence tumbled *headlong* from the *height* of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation joined,
How many, racked with honest passions, droop
In deep retired distress. *How* many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, of fate,
Vice in his *high* career would stand appalled,
And *heedless* rambling impulse learn to think ;
The conscious *heart* of charity would warm,
And her wide wish benevolence dilate ;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh,
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work. *Thomson.*

LESSON 9.

ON PRONOUNCING *t* INDISTINCTLY PRECEDED AND FOLLOWED
BY *s*.

FROM the difficulty of pronouncing this combination we often hear such words as *posts*,

mists, fists, sounded as if written *poass, miss, fiss*. Many of the uneducated solve the difficulty by saying *postes, mistes, fistes*. It needs scarcely be said that this practice, however grateful to the ear, is unwarrantable. The difficulty has arisen from the alteration that has taken place in the plural form of most of our nouns ending in *st*, which in the Anglo-Saxon was made by adding *as*, and later *es* to the singular. When the vowel was dropped, a combination of consonants was brought together, not very easy to articulate.

The observation applies also to the third person singular of verbs, which formerly ended in *th*.

In the following exercise the termination of the words in italics should be sounded with great deliberation, and it will be found that a little practice will enable the reader to give a distinct sound to the *t* between the sibilating letters, if care be taken to apply the point of the tongue to the palate before sounding the final *s*, or the initial *s* of the word that follows.

EXERCISE 9.

The secretary belongs to the class of rapacious birds, and he is now placed by *naturalists* between the vultures and the eagles. He was formerly classed among the wading birds, on account of the length of his legs. His conformation, no less than his habits, *attests* the correctness of the later classification. The secretaries, like other large birds of prey, build their *nests* on the

tops of the highest trees. They seek their food both on the dry sandy *coasts* and in the pestiferous marshes. On the one they find serpents and lizards; on the other, tortoises and large insects. Their mode of destroying life is very curious, for they always kill their prey before swallowing it. Whether the secretary meet with a serpent or a tortoise, he invariably crushes it under the sole of his foot; and such is the force with which he gives the blow, that it is very rarely that a serpent of an inch or more in diameter, survives the *first* stroke. When he meets with a serpent large enough to *resist* strenuously, he flies off with his prey in his beak to a great height, and then dropping it, follows it in its descent with wonderful rapidity, so as to be ready to strike it when it falls stunned on the ground. M. Le Vaillant describes an obstinate battle between a secretary and a large serpent, in which the *first* struck his enemy with the bony protuberance of his wing; but the mode of crushing with his foot is the more common.

LESSON 10.

ON THE SOUND OF *wh* AT THE BEGINNING OF WORDS.

WHEN *w* at the beginning of a word is followed by *h*, the word should be sounded as if the aspirate *h* were the first letter. It is too common a practice to sink the *h* altogether, and to pronounce such words as *when*, *where*, *while*, *whip*, *whet*, as if written *wen*, *were*, *wile*, *wip*, *wet*.

This fault, besides weakening the pronunciation,

tends to confound words of different meaning. That the true place of the aspirate sound is before the *w*, is evident from the Anglo-Saxon spelling of the words *where*, *while*, *whip*, *whet*; viz. *hwær*, *hwile*, *hweop*, *hwettan*. In reading the exercise the pupil should be directed to sound these words as though written in two syllables, as follows:—*hoo-y*, *hoo-en*, *hoo-ile*, &c., giving its aspirate sound to the *h*.

EXERCISE 10.

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering bloom delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth *when* every sport could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm;
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and *whispering* lovers made.
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed.

Goldsmith.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It must be so — Plato, thou reasonest well ;
Else *why* this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality ?
Or *whence* this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought ? *Why* shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction ?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;
'Tis heaven itself that points out a hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to man.
Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
Through *what* variety of untried being,
Through *what* new scenes and changes must we pass ?
The wide unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works, He must delight in virtue :
And that *which* He delights in must be happy.
But *when* or *where* ? The world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures, this must end them.
Thus am I doubly armed, my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end ;
But this informs me I shall never die !
The soul secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Addison.

LESSON 11.

ON THE TERMINATIONS *el* AND *en*.

YOUNG readers are often perplexed by these unaccented endings, to know when to sound the *e* distinctly and when to suppress it.

When the ending is preceded by any liquid letter, the *e* is distinctly sounded, as in *flannel*, *laurel*, *sullen*, *women*, *barren*, *warren*, except *fallen*, *stolen*, which in prose are pronounced *fall'n*, *stol'n*. In pronouncing those words in which these endings are preceded by any other consonants, our only guide is reputable custom, agreeably to which we find that *e* before *l* in a final unaccented syllable is always distinctly sounded, except in the following words—*drivel*, *grovel*, *hazel*, *nozel*, *ousel*, *shekel*, *ravel*, *rivel*, *swivel*, *shovel*, *weasel*. These words should be pronounced as if written *sheckle*, *hazle*, *drivle*, &c. *E* before *n*, in a final unaccented syllable not preceded by a liquid letter, is suppressed, except in the following words:—*sudden*, *kitchen*, *hyphen*, *chicken*, *aspen*, *platen*, *marten*, *latten*, *paten*, *leaven*, *sloven*. The words in which the *e* is suppressed are pronounced by

sounding the two consonants together, thus: *harden, heaven*, as if written *hard'n, heav'n*.

EXERCISE 11.

EXODUS XXVII.

3. And thou shalt make his pans to receive his ashes, and his *shovels*, and his basons, and his fleshhooks, and his firepans: all the *vessels* thereof thou shalt make of brass.

4. And thou shalt make for it a grate of network of brass; and upon the net thou shalt make four *brazen* rings in the four corners thereof.

20. And thou shalt command the *children of Israel*, that they bring thee pure olive oil *beaten* for the light, to cause the lamp to burn always.

EXODUS XXXIV.

10. And he said, Behold, I make a covenant: before all thy people I will do *marvels*, such as have not been done in all the earth, nor in any nation: and all the people among which thou art shall see the work of the Lord: for it is a terrible thing that I will do with thee.

17. Thou shalt make thee no *molten* gods.

25. Thou shalt not offer the blood of my sacrifice with *leaven*: neither shall the sacrifice of the feast of the passover be left until the morning.

JOSHUA IX.

14. And the men took of their victuals, and asked not *counsel* at the mouth of the Lord.

1 SAMUEL IX.

8. And the servant answered Saul again, and said, Behold, I have here at hand the fourth part of a *shekel* of silver : that will I give to the man of God, to tell us our way.

11. And as they went up the hill to the city, they found young *maidens* going out to draw water, and said unto them, Is the seer here ?

ACTS II.

2. And *suddenly* there came a sound from *heaven* as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

LESSON 12.

ON THE SHORT SOUND OF THE LETTER *i* UNACCENTED.

THIS letter is often improperly sounded like short *a*, especially in the terminations *il*, *ible*, *ity*, and in derivatives ending in *ly*, *ful*, &c., from roots ending in *y*. Instead of *civil*, *sensible*, *terribly*, *divinity*, *hastily*, we hear *cival*, *sensable*, *terrably*, *divinaty*, *hastaly*.

The only words in *il* that have not the *i* sounded, are *evil*, and *devil*, pronounced *ev'l*, *dev'l*.

Another common fault, which gives a vulgar tone to the pronunciation, is the total suppression of *i* unaccented before *n*, as *Lat'n* for *Latin* ; the only word so pronounced is *cousin*, sounded *cous'n*.

EXERCISE 12.

Chemical attraction, in aëriform substances is opposed by *elasticity*. Thus, when two gases having mutual *affinities* are mixed together, they very seldom combine, which is ascribed to the distances between their *particles*; for as *chemical* attraction is exerted at *insensible* distances only, the particles of the two gases, although mingled together, are yet without the sphere of attraction. That this is owing to *elasticity* is *evident* from the circumstance that the vapours which are not elastic *readily* combine. Hence, whatever gives *density* to highly elastic substances, as, for example, *mechanical* pressure, or cold to a certain degree, must favour their *chemical* combination.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatched;
Cut off, even in the blossom of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unannealed;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

Shakspeare.

LESSON 13.

ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF *ed* AT THE END OF WORDS.

THIS termination of the past tense and participles of regular verbs never forms a distinct syllable in prose, unless preceded by *d* or *t*, except

in solemn discourse. When, however, the participle is used as an adjective, the termination is sometimes sounded separately. We say "He *learned* his lesson," as though written *learn'd*; but "He was a learn-*ed* man." The poets write these participial adjectives either way, to suit metrical convenience. *Ed* in the word *aged* is a distinct syllable, unless the word be compounded with others. Thus, we say, "an *ag-ed* man," but, "a full *ag'd* horse." Adverbs ending in *ly*, formed from participial adjectives in *ed*, commonly have *ed* sounded separately, even in words when as adjectives it had been contracted. Thus, when the adjectives *profess'd*, *confess'd*, *design'd*, become adverbs, we say confess-*edly*, profess-*edly*, design-*edly*.

EXERCISE 13.

Meanwhile, the *wingèd* heralds, by command
Of sovran power, with awful ceremony,
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council, forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium¹, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers; their summons called
From every band and *squarèd* regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon,
With hundreds and with thousands, trooping came,
Attended: all access was thronged; the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall,
(Though like a covered field where champions bold

¹ Pandemonium, the palace of all demons.

Wont¹ ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair
 Defy the best of Panim² chivalry
 To mortal combat, or career with lance,)
 Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air,
 Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
 In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
 In clusters: they among fresh dewes and flowers
 Fly to and fro, or on the *smoothèd* plank,
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
 New rubbed with balm, expatiate, and confer
 Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd
 Swarmed and were straitened. *Milton.*

1 *Witch*. Ay, Sir, all this is so: — But why
 Stands Macbeth thus *amaz-èdly*?
 Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
 And show the best of our delights;
 I'll charm the air to give a sound,
 While you perform your antique round:
 That this great king may kindly say,
 Our duties did his welcome pay. *Shakspeare.*

Demetrius Phalereus was a peripatetic philosopher of Athens, who lived in the time of Alexander the Great. Three hundred and sixty statues were erected to his honour in that city; and not *undeserv-èd-ly*, since he is said to have augmented its revenues and adorned its public buildings. Nevertheless, he died in banishment by the bite of an asp. His writings consisted of poetry, history, politics, rhetoric, harangues, and embassies, but none are extant.

¹ Accustomed (to).

² Infidel.

LESSON 14.

ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE PRONOUNS *you*, *your*,
AND *my*.

WHATEVER might have been the custom formerly with respect to the pronunciation of the pronoun *you*, which Shakspeare and Milton often write *ye* when not emphatic or distinctive, correct modern usage requires that it should always be sounded like the vowel *u*. Giving it the sound of *ye* when not written so, is a Scotticism. All that is requisite to give it emphasis is to pronounce it with the intonation and inflection corresponding with the sense of the sentence. The same observation applies to the pronoun *your*, which should be sounded as if written *ure*. It is perhaps a little difficult in rapid discourse to prevent it from sliding into the sound of *yer*, but this should always be avoided as much as possible. With respect to the pronoun *my*, it may be observed that it is proper, in reading Scripture, to give the vowel the long sound of *i*, as in the word *high*, suitably to the dignity of the subject. This observation also applies to poetry to a certain extent: but in the latter, in order to preserve the rhythm, and to avoid the monotony occasioned by the too frequent repetition of the same sound, the short pronunciation, as in the word *myth*, may occasionally be intro-

duced, not, however, at the beginning of a line. When the short sound *is* used, either in prose or poetry, it should always be before an accented syllable, as, *mŷ friénd*, *mŷ párent*; never before an unaccented syllable, as, *mŷábílity*, or one beginning with a similar sound, as, *mŷ mistáke*. Whenever this pronoun requires distinctive emphasis, it should have the long sound, as in *hīgh*.

In the following exercise the emphasis is to be placed on the accented word.

EXERCISE 14.

The Signory of Venice, you betrayéd me,
Yóu, *yóu*, who sit there, traitors as ye are ;
 From my equality with *you* in birth,
 And my superiority in action,
Yóu drew me from my honourable toils
 In distant lands—on flood—in field—in cities—
Yóu singled me out like a victim to
 Stand crowned, but bound and helpless, at the altar
 Where *yóu* alone could minister." *Byron.*

And do *you* nów put on *your* best attire ?
 And do *you* nów cull out a holiday ?
 And do *you* nów strew flowers in his way
 That comes to triumph over Pompey's blood ?
 Begone ;
 Run to *your* hóuses, fall upon *your* knées,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Shakspeare.

I suffer fruitless anguish day by day,
 Each moment, as it passes, marks *mý* páin ;
 Scarce knowing whither, doubtfully I stray,
 And see no end of all that I sustain.

The more I strive, the more I am withstood ;
 Anxiety increasing every hour,
Mý spírit finds no rest, performs no good,
 And nought remains of all *mý* former power.

Mý peáce of heart is fled I knów not where ;
Mý happy hours like shadows pass'd away ;
 Their sweet remembrance doubles all *mý* cáre,
 Night darker seems, succeeding such a day.

Cowper.

I mentioned, in *mý* lást paper, that I had resided in Malta. On *mý* retúrn from thence, in 1829, I went to Bagdad, by way of Petersburg, Moscow, Astrakhan, Teflis, the capital of Georgia, Tabreez in Persia, and Sulimanieh, in Lower Kourdistan. Bagdad, at which, after six months' travel, we arrived, is perhaps of more interest to the general reader than most other eastern cities, from its connexion with the Arabian Tales, which most people have read at some time of their lives. I resided in that town, through a most interesting period of its history ; and during *mý* stay, made many observations, which, however, it is not *mý* present business to communicate.

Before I left, I had also an opportunity of making an excursion down the river Tigris and back again, the details of which we must at present pass over. *Mý* journey back to England was by way of Kermanshah, Hamadan,

Teheran, the metropolis of Persia, Tabreez, Erzeroum, and Trebizond, on the shores of the Black Sea. At all these places we made considerable pauses, particularly at the last, from which we went over the Black Sea to Constantinople; and after remaining there upwards of five weeks, proceeded to England by water. Some details of this last journey, which occupied more than nine months, it is *my* present object to supply.

My sentence is for open war ; of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not : them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now."

Milton.

LESSON 15.

ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE WORDS *of, for, from,*
AND *by.*

Of, for, and from, says Mr. Walker, except when at the end of a sentence or followed by either of the pronouns, *it, him, her, or them* unemphatic, have the vowel sounded like *u* in the word *up*. Thus for "The top of the house," he reads "The top *uv* the house." "He came from school," "He came *frum* school." "This is for John," "This is *fur* John." That this is the case in rapid and familiar discourse we are willing to admit; but in deliberate reading or speaking it should be as much as possible avoided, and the *o* sounded as in

the word *on*. To sound it like short *u* at the end of a sentence or before any of the above-mentioned pronouns, when they have no emphasis, is a practice altogether inadmissible.

By has two sounds ; a long one rhyming with *try*, and a short one like *be*.

The pronunciation of this word seems to be unsettled, and it is left to the ear in many instances to choose between them. The long sound, however, is generally preferable, and should always be used before a vowel, or an aspirate *h* ; before an unaccented syllable ; when at the end of a sentence, or member of a sentence ; or when used as an adverb.

EXERCISE 15.

The convent of the Great St. Bernard is situated near the top of the mountain known *by* that name, near one of the most dangerous passages of the Alps, between Switzerland and Savoy. In these regions the traveller is often overtaken *by* the most severe weather, even after days of cloudless beauty, when the glaciers glitter in the sunshine, and the pink flowers of the rhododendron appear as if they were never to be sullied *by* the tempest. But a storm suddenly comes on ; the roads are rendered impassable *by* drifts of snow ; the avalanches, which are huge loosened masses of snow or ice, are swept *from* the heights into the valleys, carrying trees and crags of rock before them. The hospitable monks, though their revenue is scanty, open their doors to every stranger that presents himself. To

be cold, to be weary, to be benighted, constitute the title to their comfortable shelter, their cheering meal, and their agreeable converse. But their attention to the distressed does not end here; they devote themselves to the dangerous task *of* searching *for* those unhappy persons who may have been overtaken *by* the sudden storm, and would perish but *for* their charitable succour. Most remarkably are they assisted in these truly Christian offices. They have a breed *of* noble dogs in their establishment, whose extraordinary sagacity often enables them to rescue the traveller *from* destruction. Benumbed with cold, weary in search *of* a lost track, his senses yielding to the stupefying influence *of* frost, which betrays the exhausted sufferer into a deep sleep; the unhappy man sinks upon the ground, and the snow drift covers him *from* human sight. It is then that the keen scent and exquisite docility *of* these admirable dogs are called into action. Though the perishing man lie ten or even twenty feet beneath the snow, the delicacy of smell with which they can trace him offers a chance *of* escape. They scratch away the snow with their feet, they set up a continued hoarse and solemn bark, which brings the monks and labourers of the convent to their assistance. To provide *for* the chance that the dogs, without human help, may succeed in discovering the unfortunate traveller, one *of* them has a flask of spirits round his neck, to which the fainting man may apply *for* support; and another has a cloak over him. These wonderful exertions are often successful; and even where they fail *of* restoring him who has perished, the dogs discover the body, so that it may be secured *for* the recognition *of* friends; and

such is the effect of the temperature, that the dead features generally preserve their firmness for the space of two years.

LESSON 16.

ON THE SOUND OF THE WORD *not*.

THIS negative is often improperly pronounced as if written *nut*, more especially when not emphatic. This practice is not in accordance with reputable usage, and should be as much avoided as the vulgar contractions *shan't* and *won't*, which are fast disappearing from the language of polite society. One or two of these contractions, such as *didn't* and *don't*, have gained too firm a footing to be ejected; but in the use of the latter, care must be taken not to violate established rules of syntax.

Don't is a contraction of *do not*. "He *don't*," therefore, is an incorrect expression, when used in a leading member of a sentence, and is only allowable in a subjunctive clause: as, "If he *don't*," &c. Whether the emphasis fall on *not* or the word that precedes it, the sound of the *o* must be the same, viz., as heard in the word *got*.

The word that requires emphasis in the following exercise is printed in italics.

EXERCISE 16.

PROVERBS XXVII.

1. *Boast* not thyself of to-morrow ; for thou *knowest* not what a day may bring forth.

2. Let another man praise thee, and *not* thine own mouth ; a stranger, and *not* thine own lips.

PROVERBS XXIII.

9. *Speak* not in the ears of a fool : for he will despise the wisdom of thy words.

10. *Remove* not the old landmark ; and *enter* not into the fields of the fatherless :

20. *Be* not among wine bibbers ; among riotous eaters of flesh.

PROVERBS III.

28. *Say* not unto thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give ; when thou hast it by thee.

PROVERBS VIII.

10. Receive my instruction, and *not* silver and knowledge rather than choice gold.

PROVERBS XXX.

25. The ants are a people *not* strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer.

To whom the angel, with contracted brow :
 “ *Accuse* not Nature, she hath done her part ;
 Do thou but thine ; and *be* not diffident
 Of wisdom ; she deserts thee *not*, if thou

Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
By attributing over much to things
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.
For what admirest thou? what transports thee?
An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love;
Not thy subjection." *Milton.*

LESSON 17.

ON THE PARTICIPIAL TERMINATION, *ing*.

THE disagreeable effect produced on the ear by the repetition of the end syllable in such sounds as *bringing, singing, flinging, &c.*, has induced many good public speakers to give up the pronunciation which seems to be required by the orthography, and to sound the termination as if written *in*: *bringin, singin, flingin*. This practice, however, which can only be defended on the plea of euphony, should be carefully confined to participles whose root ends in *ing*. If applied to those which have *in* for the final letters of the root, the reader or speaker, so far from gaining his object, will produce the inconvenience which his practice seeks to remedy. Such sounds as *sinnin* for *sinning*, and *beginnin* for *beginning*, are quite as disagreeable as those first mentioned. They would be still more objectionable if followed by

the preposition *in*, or any word commencing with *in*. It does not require a very fine ear to perceive the harshness of such expressions as the following : —

“Beginnin in a whisper, the speaker gradually became more audible.”

To omit *g* in nouns and adjectives, such as *cunning*, *farthing*, is not allowable. *Ing* is to be sounded as in the word *king*.

EXERCISE 17.

PEGASUS IN POUND.

Once into a quiet village,
Without haste and without heed,
In the golden prime of *morning*,
Strayed the poet's wingèd steed.

It was autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves ;
And like *living* coals, the apples
Burned among the *withering* leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was *ringing*
From its belfry gaunt and grim :
’Twas the daily call to labour,
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,
In its *gleaming* vapour veiled ;
Not the less he breathed the odours
That the *dying* leaves exhaled.

Thus upon the village common,
By the school-boys he was found ;
And the wise men in their wisdom,
Put him straightway in the pound.

Then the sombre village crier,
Ringing loud his brazen bell,
Wandered down the street, *proclaiming*
There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
Rich and poor, and young and old,
Came in haste to see this wondrous
Winged steed with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the *evening*
Fell, with vapours cold and dim ;
But it brought no food nor shelter,
Brought no straw nor stall for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,
Looked he through the wooden bars,
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,
Saw the tranquil, patient stars ;

Till at length the bell at midnight
Sounded from its dark abode,
And, from out a *neighbouring* farmyard,
Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,
Breaking from his iron chain ;
And *unfolding* far his pinions,
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo ! the strange steed had departed,
And they knew not when nor where.

But they found upon the greensward,
Where his *struggling* hoofs had trod,
Pure and bright, a fountain *flowing*
From the hoof marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount *unfailing*,
Gladdens the whole region round ;
Strengthening all who drink its waters,
While it soothes them with its sound.
Longfellow.

LESSON 18.

ON THE IMPROPER USE OF THE LETTER *r*.

MANY young persons, from the difficulty they find in sounding two vowels consecutively, at the end of a word and at the beginning of the following one, faultily insert the sound of *r*, to rest the tongue, as it were, between them, and so avoid the hiatus occasioned by this concurrence. However convenient this may be found, it is not warranted by the orthography, and is a mark of a vulgar pronunciation. The following exercise is to be practised repeatedly, with a slight pause on

the final vowel, which may be made gradually shorter, until the pupil can accomplish the task of sliding from the final to the initial vowel with ease.

Another fault, almost as common as the above-mentioned, is that of sounding *aw* like *aur*; thus, *drawing* is often erroneously sounded as if written *drawing*, "I *saw* him," as if written "I *saur* him." The vowels that require attention, are printed in italics.

EXERCISE 18.

The French were naturally anxious to form a communication between Canada in the north, and Louisiana in the south. This could only be effected by depriving the English of their settlements west of the Alleghany mountains, and seizing the posts which the British settlers in Virginia and the Carolinians had established beyond that chain, for the convenience of trade with the Indians.

The Battle of Neville's Cross was fought October 17th, 1346. David of Scotland, having regained his throne, determined on drawing an army together, and invading England as the ally of France; but he was defeated and made prisoner by Philippa of Hainault, a Queen worthy of her warlike husband.

The convention did not wait to be attacked; a vote was passed that the republic was at war with the King of England and the Stadtholder of Holland, by which

artful phraseology it was intended to draw a marked distinction between the sovereign and the people of both countries.

LESSON 19.

SHR. This combination is by some young persons sounded as though the letter *h* were no part of it. Instead of *shrivel*, they say *srivel*, &c. This may be remedied by directing them to contract the tongue farther from the point, and dwell on the *sh* sound for some little time before proceeding with the rest of the word.

EXERCISE 19.

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery shrouds,
That with the hurly death itself awakes?

Shakspeare.

What groans shall yonder valleys fill,
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!
What tears of burning rage shall thrill
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!

There breathes not clans-man of thy line
 But would have given his life for thine :
 O, woe for Alpine's honoured pine. *Scott.*

Henry the Fourth found that discontented friends were the most dangerous enemies. The proud Percys, to whom he owed his elevation, dissatisfied with the scanty reward of their services, took up arms, and involved the country in civil war. They were overthrown in the Battle of *Shrewsbury* (A.D. 1403), but their Welsh ally, Owen Glendower, maintained a stern resistance to the House of Lancaster for several years.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome,
 Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar. Dost thou lie so low ?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ? Fare thee well.

LESSON 20.

ON THE SOUND OF *ew*, *eu*, *ue*, AND LONG *u*.

It is a very common fault to sound syllables into which these vowels enter, like *oo*.

Thus, *news* is often improperly pronounced *noose*; *stupid*, *stoopid*; *pursue*, *pursoo*, &c. This pronunciation is proper only where these letters are preceded by *r* in the same syllable, or

by two consonants of which the latter is *r* or *l*. Thus, we pronounce *glue*, *gloo* ; *grew*, *groo* ; *true*, *troo* ; *rule*, *rool*.

In any other combination the sound of these vowels should be that of *oo*, except in the present tenses of the verbs to *sew* and to *shew* sounded *sow* and *show*. In the following exercise the words which have the pronunciation attached are to be sounded slowly, as spelled in the parentheses.

EXERCISE 20.

In the year 1780, the government of Russia published a (ne-oo) new code of maritime law, in conformity with the doctrines of which (ne-oootral) neutral powers were to arm themselves against the exercise of the right of search ; this principle was denominated an armed (ne-oootrality) neutrality ; and though in the year 1793 the same government proposed and concluded a treaty with Great Britain, in which were included stipulations of the directly opposite effect, the principle had, in the interval, been adopted by Sweden, Denmark, and Russia.

In words, as fashions, the same *rule* will hold ;
Alike fantastic if too (ne-oo) new or old :
Be not the first by whom the (ne-oo) new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside. *Pope.*

The Dey entered into an engagement to abandon his system of warfare, and make (restit-e-ootion) restitution to the nations he had injured ; but no sooner were

his shores free from the British fleet, than he (res-e-oomed) resumed every species of cruelty to his Christian prisoners.

LESSON 21.

ON THE TERMINATIONS *ous* AND *al* PRECEDED BY *u*.

THE two syllables formed by this combination are often erroneously sounded as one, the short sound of *i* or *y* being substituted for the *u*.

Thus, *contemptuous* is improperly pronounced *contemptious* or *contemtyous*; *continual* as if written *continyal*. This is an impropriety which can only be corrected by calling the pupil's attention to the spelling of the word, and enforcing the distinct utterance of each of the syllables. Although in poetry, words of this kind, of three or more syllables, lose a syllable in the metre, they must not lose it in the sound.

EXERCISE 21.

Charles the First deeply offended the Scottish nation by his impolitic attempt to impose upon them the *ritu-al* of the Anglican Church.

That bliss revealed in Scripture, with a glow
Bright as the covenant ensuring bow,
Fires all his feelings with a noble scorn
Of *sensu-al* evil, and thus Hope is born.

God loves from whole to parts, but human soul
Must rise from *individu-al* to the whole.

Self-love but serves the *virtu-ous* mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake.

Virtu-ous and vicious every man must be,
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits are fair and wise,
And e'en the best, by fits, what they despise;
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill,
For, vice or virtue, self directs us still;
Each *individu-al* seeks a separate goal,
But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole.
Pope.

LESSON 22.

ON THE TERMINATION *ow*.

THIS unaccented root ending is often improperly sounded as if written *er*, or *a*, as in the word *opera*. Such a pronunciation is very inelegant, and care must be taken to give the same sound to this unaccented syllable as in the words *show*, *blow*, *flow*, &c.

EXERCISE 22.

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word

Would *harrow* up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Shakspeare.

Not enjoyment, and not *sorrow*,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each *to-morrow*
Finds us farther than to-day.

TO-MORROW.

FROM LOPE DE VEGA.

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care
Thou did'st seek after me, that Thou did'st wait
Wet with unhealthy dews before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there ?
O strange delusion ! — that I did not greet
Thy blest approach. O to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet !
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
“ Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee ! ”
And oh ! how often to that voice of *sorrow*,
“ *To-morrow* we will open,” I replied ;
And when the *morrow* came, I answered still,
“ *To-morrow.* ”

Longfellow.

LESSON 23.

ON SOUNDING *r* BEFORE *th* AND *s* IN THE SAME
SYLLABLE.

SUCH words as *burst*, *durst*, are often pronounced by careless readers as if written *bust*, *dust*. This suppression of the *r*, often accompanied by an unwarrantable pronunciation, gives a coarse, vulgar tone to the reading, and must be carefully avoided. The *r*, though soft, must be distinctly heard.

EXERCISE 23.

Little inmate, full of *mirth*
Chirping on my kitchen *hearth*,
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good,
Pay me for thy warm retreat,
With a song more soft and sweet ;
In return thou shalt receive,
Such a strain as I can give. *Cowper.*

How dark the veil that intercepts the blaze,
Of Heaven's mysterious purposes and ways !
God stood not, though he seemed to stand, aloof ;
And at this hour the conqueror feels the proof ;
The wealth he won drew down an instant *curse*,
The fretting plague is in the public *purse*,
The cankered spoil corrodes the pining state,
Starved by that indolence their mines create.

Cowper.

O, answer me !

Let me not *burst* in ignorance ! but tell
Why thy canonized bones, *hearsed* in death,
Have *burst* their cerements !

LESSON 24.

ON THE SOUND OF LONG *i* BEFORE *m* AND *n*.

A FAULT very prevalent among young readers, and from which many grown persons are not exempt, is that of giving a drawling, nasal sound to the letter *i*, before *m* and *n* in the same syllable. It has been explained, in the second chapter, that the long sound of this vowel is compound, and it is therefore produced by two different positions of the organs ; but in practice the transition should always be sufficiently rapid to convey the impression of a single impulse. The fault committed in this instance consists in dwelling too long on the first division of the vocal element, and expelling the breath through the nose, either before the lips are closed, as in sounding the word *time*, or before the point of the tongue has come in contact with the fore part of the palate, as in sounding the word *mind*. The words in italics are to be pronounced in a smart, brisk manner, closing the organs rapidly and firmly.

EXERCISE 24.

Spirit ! who sweetest the wild harp of *time*,
 It is most hard with an untroubled ear
 Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear !
 Yet *mine* eye fixed on Heaven's unchanging *clime*,
 Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,
 With inward stillness and a bowèd *mind*,
 When lo ! far onwards, waving on the *wind*,
 I saw the skirts of the departing year !
 Starting from my silent sadness,
 Then, with no unholy madness,
 I raised the impetuous song, and solemnized
 His flight.

Coleridge.

Sad was thy lot on mortal stage !
 The captive thrush may brook his cage !
 The prisoned eagle dies for rage.
 Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain !
 And when its notes awake again,
 E'en she so long beloved in vain
 Shall with my harp her voice *combine*,
 And mix her woe and tears with *mine*
 To wail clan Alpine's honoured *pine*.

Scott.

If every polished gem we *find*,
 Illuminating heart and *mind*.
 Provoke to imitation :
 No wonder friendship does the *same*,
 That jewel of the purest flame,
 Or rather constellation.

Cowper.

LESSON 25.

ON SOUNDING THE FLAT MUTES.

DIRECTIONS are given in Lesson 5, for sounding all the final consonants, whether *flat* or *sharp*, firmly. But besides this, a proper distinction is to be made between them. Many readers enunciate the former so feebly, for want of a sufficiently forcible expression of the *guttural murmur*, as to give them the sound of sharp mutes. "The Welsh," says Horne Tooke, "never use this compression of the larynx." Instead of "I vow Jenkins is a wizard," they say, "I fow Shenkins iss a wissart." This impropriety very much impairs the boldness of tone essential to a correct elocution.

In the following exercise, care must be taken to sound the flat consonants (except those that are silent) as directed in the third chapter, giving them the sharp sound only when they immediately follow a sharp consonant in the same syllable, as in the word *locked*, where the *d* in the monosyllable is sounded like *t*. It is to be noticed also that *s* following a flat consonant in the same syllable is sounded like *z*, as *herds* (*herdz*); *f* is also sounded flat in the word *of*.

EXERCISE 25.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race *be* run,
Along Morea's hills, the setting sun ;
Not as in Northern climes, *obscurely* bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light !
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows ;
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile ;
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis !
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance ;
And tenderest tints along their summits driven,
Mark his *gay* course and own the hues of Heaven ;
Till darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

Byron.

CHAP. V.

MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES.

(*Syllables and Words in Italics require particular attention.*)

TYROL.

It is a common observation that the character of a people is in a great measure influenced by their *local situation*, and the *nature* of the *scenery* in which they are placed; and it is impossible to visit the Tyrol, without being convinced of the truth of the remark. The entrance of the *mountain region* is marked *by* as great a *diversity* in the aspect and *manners* of the population, as in the external objects with *which* they are surrounded; *nor* is the *transition* from the level plain of Lombardy to the rugged precipices of the Alps, *greater* than from the squalid crouching appearance of the Italian peasant to the martial air of the *free-born* mountaineer.

This *transition* is so remarkable, that it attracts the *attention* of the most superficial observer. In travelling over the States of the north of Italy, he meets every *where* with the symptoms of poverty, meanness, and abject depression. The beautiful slopes *which* descend from the Alps, *clothed* with all that is beautiful and luxuriant in nature, are *inhabited for* the most part *by*

an indigent and squalid population, among *whom you* seek in *vain* for any share of that bounty with *which* Providence has blessed their country. The rich *plains* of Lombardy are cultivated by a peasantry *whose* condition is hardly superior to that of the Irish cottager ; and *while* the effeminate proprietors of the soil waste their days in inglorious indolence at Milan and Verona, their unfortunate tenantry are *exposed* to the merciless rapacity of bailiffs and stewards, intent only on augmenting the fortunes of their absent superiors. In towns the symptoms of general distress are, if possible, still *more* apparent. While the opera and the corso are crowded with splendid équipages, the lower classes of the people are involved in hopeless indigence ; the churches and public streets are crowded with beggars, *whose* wretched appearance marks but *too* truly the reality of the distress of *which* they complain, *while* their abject and crouching manner indicates the entire political *dégradation* to *which* they have been so long subjected. At Venice in *particular*, the total stagnation of employment and the misery of the people *strike* a *stranger* the more forcibly from the contrast *which* they afford to the unrivalled splendour of her edifices, and the glorious *récollections* with *which* her history is filled. As he admires the gorgeous magnificence of the Piazza St. Marco, or *winds* through the *noble* palaces that still rise with undecaying beauty from the waters of the Adriatic, he *no* longer wonders at the astonishment with *which* the stern crusaders of the north gazed at her marble piles : and feels the rapture of the Roman emperor when he approached “where Venice sat in state, *throned* on her *hundred* isles.” But in the mean

and pusillanimous race by *which* they are now inhabited, he looks in *vain* for the descendants of those great men who leapt from their galleys on the towers of Constantinople, and stood forth as the bulwarks of Christendom against Ottoman power; and still less, when he *surveys* the miserable population by *which* he is surrounded, can he go back in imagination to those days of liberty and valour, when

" Venice once was dear,
The pleasant *place* of all festivity,
The revel of the *earth*, the masque of Italy."

From *such* scenes of national distress, and from the melancholy spectacle of despotic power ruling in the *abode* of ancient freedom, it is with delight that the traveller enters the fastnesses of the Alps, where liberty has imprinted itself in indelible characters on the habits and manners of the people. In every part of the Tyrol, the bold and martial air of the peasantry, their athletic form and fearless eye bespeak the *freedom* and independence which they have enjoyed. In most instances, the people go armed; and during the summer and autumn they wear a musket over their shoulders, or some other offensive weapon. Universally they possess offensive weapons, and are trained early to the use of them, both by their expeditions in search of game, of *which* they are passionately fond; and by the annual *duty* of serving in the trained bands, to which every man capable of bearing arms is, without exception, subjected. It was in consequence of this circumstance, in a great measure, that they were able to make so vigorous a resistance with so little preparation, to the French invasion; and it is to the same cause that is

chiefly to be ascribed that intrepid and martial air by which they are distinguished from every other peasantry of Europe.

Their dress is singularly calculated to add to this impression. That of the men consists for the most part of a broad brimmed hat, ornamented by a feather ; a jacket tight to the *shape*, with a broad girdle, richly ornamented, fastened in front by a large buckle of costly workmanship ; black leather breeches and gaiters, supported over the shoulders by two broad bands, generally of scarlet or blue, which are joined in front by a cross-belt of the same colour. They frequently wear pistols in their girdle, and have either a rifle or a cloak slung over their shoulders. The colours of the dresses vary in the different parts of the country, as they do in the cantons of Switzerland ; but they are always of brilliant colours, and ornamented, particularly round the breast, with a degree of richness which appears extraordinary in the labouring classes of the community. Their girdles and clasps, with many other costly parts of their clothing, are handed down from generation to generation, and worn on Sundays and festivals, with scrupulous care, by the great grandsons of those by whom they were originally purchased. The dress of the women is grotesque and singular in the extreme. Generally speaking the waists are worn long, and the petticoats exceedingly short : and the colours of their clothes are as bright and various as those of the men. To persons habituated, however, to the easy and flowing attire of our own countrywomen, the form and style of this dress appears particularly unbecoming ; nor can we altogether divest ourselves of those ideas of ridicule

which we are accustomed to attach to *such* antiquated forms, both on the *stage* and in the *pictures* of the last generation. Among the *peasant girls* you often meet with much beauty; but for the most part the women of the *Tyrol* are not nearly *so* striking as the men; an observation which seems applicable to most mountainous countries, and none more so than to the west *Highlands* of Scotland.

It is of more importance to observe that the *Tyrolese* peasantry are *every where* courteous and pleasing in their demeanour, both towards *strangers* and their own countrymen. In this respect their manners have sometimes been misrepresented. If a traveller addresses them in a style of insolence or reproach, which is too often used towards the lower orders in France or Italy, he will in all probability meet with a repulse; and if the insult is carried further, he may perhaps have cause permanently to repent the indiscretion of his language. *For* the *Tyrolese* are a free people; and, though subject to a despotic government, their own State preserves its liberty as entire as if it acknowledged no superior to its own authority. The peasantry are of a *keen* and enthusiastic temper; *grateful* to the last degree for kindness, or condescension, but feelingly alive on the other hand to anything like contempt or derision in the manner of their superiors. Dwelling *too* in a country where all are equal, and *where* few noble families or great proprietors are to be found, they are little accustomed to brook insults of any *kind*, or to submit to language from *strangers*, *which* they would not tolerate from their own countrymen. A similar temper of *mind* may be observed among the *Scotch Highlanders*; it has been

noticed in the mountains of Nepaul and Cabul, and has long characterised the Arabian tribes: and indeed it belongs generally to all classes of the people in those situations where the debasing effects of the progress of wealth and the division of labour have not been felt, and where, from whatever causes, the individuals of the lower ranks of life are called into active and strenuous exertion, and compelled to act for themselves in the conduct of life. If a stranger, however, behaves towards the Tyrolese peasantry with the ordinary courtesy with which an Englishman is accustomed to address the people of his own country, there is no part of the world in which he will meet a more cordial reception, or where he will find a more affectionate and grateful return for the smallest acts of kindness. Among these untutored people, the gratitude for any good deed on the part of their superiors, is not, as in more civilised states, the result of any habitual awe for their rank, or of any selfish consideration of the advantage to be derived from cultivating their good will. It is the spontaneous effusion of benevolent feeling: of feeling springing from the uncorrupted dictates of their hearts, and enhanced by the feudal attachment with which they are naturally inclined to regard those in a higher rank than themselves. Though the Tyrolese are entirely free, and though the emperor possesses but a nominal sovereignty over them, yet the warm feelings of feudal fidelity have nowhere maintained their place so inviolate as among their mountains; and this feeling of feudal respect and affection is extended by them to the higher classes, whenever they behave towards them with anything like kindness or gentleness of manners. It has arisen from

the peculiar situation of their country in *which* there are few of the higher orders, *where* the peasantry possess almost the entire land of which it consists, and *where*, at the same time, the bonds of feudal attachment have been preserved with scrupulous care, for political reasons, by their indulgent government, that the peasantry have united the independence and pride of republican states with the devoted and romantic fidelity to their sovereign, *which* characterises the inhabitants of monarchical realms. Like the peasants of Switzerland, they regard themselves as composing the state, and would disdain to crouch before any other power. Like the *Highlanders* of Scotland, they are actuated by the warmest and most enthusiastic loyalty towards their sovereign; and like them, they have not scrupled, on many occasions, to expose their lives and fortunes in a doubtful and often *hopeless* struggle in his cause. From these causes has arisen that singular mixture of loyalty and independence, of stubbornness and courtesy, of republican pride and chivalrous fidelity, by *which* their character is distinguished from that of every other people in Europe.

Honesty may be regarded as a leading feature in the character of the *Tyrolese*, as indeed it is of all the German people. In no situation, and under no circumstances is a stranger in danger of being deceived by them. They will in many instances sacrifice their own interests rather than betray what they consider so sacred a duty as that of preserving inviolate their faith with foreigners. In this respect their conduct affords a very striking contrast to the conduct of the French and Italians, whose rapacity and ~~weakness~~ have long been

observed and commented on by the traveller. Yet amidst all our indignation at that character, it may well be doubted *whether* it does not arise naturally and inevitably from the *system of government* to which they have had the misfortune to be subjected. Honesty is a *virtue* practised and esteemed among men who have a character to support, and *who* feel their own importance in the *scale of society*. Generally it will be found to prevail in proportion to the weight *which* is attached to individual character; that is, to the freedom *which* the people enjoy. *Cheating*, on the other hand, is the *usual* and *obvious* resource of *slaves*, of men *who* have never been taught to respect themselves, and whose personal qualities are entirely overlooked by the higher orders of the *state*. If England, and Switzerland and the Tyrol, had been subjected, by any train of unfortunate events, to the same despotism *which* has degraded the character of the lower orders in France and Italy, they would probably have had as little reason as their more servile neighbours to pride themselves on the honesty and integrity of their *national* character.

Alison's Miscellaneous Essays.

THE NAME OF ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

Two brothers and adventurers of an obscure Saxon tribe raised their sign of the *White Horse* on British land: the visit was *opportune*, or it was expected — this remains a state secret. Right welcomed were they by the British monarch and his perplexed council amid their intestine dissensions, as friendly allies, renowned for their short and crooked swords called

Saxons, which had given a generic name to their tribes.

These descendants of Woden, for such even the petty chieftains deemed themselves, *whose* trade was battle, and whose glory was pillage, showed the spiritless what men do, who know to conquer, the few *against* the many. They baffled the strong, and they annihilated the weak. The Britons were *grateful*. The Saxons lodged in the land, till they took possession of it. The *first* Saxon founded the kingdom of Kent; twenty years after, a second in Sussex raised the kingdom of the South Saxons; in another twenty years appeared the kingdom of the West Saxons. It was a century after the earliest arrival that the great emigration took place. The tribe of the Angles depopulated their *native* province, and flocked to the fertile island, under that foe-man of the Britons whom the bards describe as "The Flame Bearer," and "The Destroyer." Every quality peculiar to the Saxons was *hateful* to the Britons, even their fairness of complexion. Taliessin terms Hengist "a white-bellied hackney," and his followers are described as of "hateful *hue* and hateful form." The British poet delights to paint "a Saxon shivering and quaking, his *white hair* washed in blood;" and another sings how "close upon the backs of the pale-faced ones were the spear points."

Already the name itself of Britain had disappeared among the invaders. Our island was now called "Saxony beyond the sea," or "West Saxon Land," and when the emigrating Saxons had expatriated themselves from the land of their fathers, those who remained *faithful* to their native hearths, perhaps proudly distinguished

themselves as the "Old Saxons," for by this name they were known by the Saxons in Briton. Eight separate but uncertain kingdoms were raised on the soil of Britain, and present a *movable* surface of fraternal wars and baffled rivals. There was one kingdom long left kingless, for "No man dared, though never so ambitious, to take up the sceptre which many found *so hot*; the only effectual cure of ambition that I have read." These are the words of Milton. Finally, to use the *quaint* phrase of the Chancellor Whitelock, "The Octarchy was brought into one." At the end of five centuries, the Saxons fell *prostrate* before a stronger race.

But of all the *accidents* and the *fortunes* of the Saxon dynasty, not the least surprising is, that an obscure town in the Duchy of Sleswick, *Anglen*, is commemorated by the transference of its name to one of the great European nations. The *Angles* or *Engles* have given their denomination to the land of Britain. *Engle-land* is *England*, and the *Engles* are the *English*.

How it happened that the very name of *Britain* was abolished, and why the Anglian was selected in preference to the more eminent race, may offer a philosophical illustration of the accidental nature of *local names*.

There is a tale familiar to us from youth, that Egbert, the more powerful King of the West Saxons, was crowned the *first* monarch of England, and issued a decree, that this kingdom of Britain should be called England; yet, an event so strange as to have occasioned the change of the name of the whole country remains *unauthenticated* by any of the original writers of our

annals. No record attests that Egbert, in a solemn coronation, assumed the title of "King of England." His son and successor never claimed such a legitimate title; and even our illustrious Alfred subsequently only styled himself "King of the West Saxons."

The story, however, is of ancient standing; for Matthew of Westminster alludes to a similar if not the same incident: *namely*, that by "a common decree of all the Saxon Kings, it was ordained that the title of the island should no longer be Britain, from Brute, but henceforward be called, from the English, England." Stowe furnishes a positive *circumstance* of this obscure transaction. "Egbert caused the brazen image of Cadwaline, King of the Britons, to be thrown down." The decree noticed by Matthew of Westminster, combined with the fact of pulling down the statue of a popular British monarch, betrays the real motive of this singular national change; whether it were the suggestion of Egbert or the unanimous agreement of the assembled monarchs who were his tributary kings, it was a stroke of deep political wisdom; it knitted the members into one common body, under one name, abolishing by legislative measures the very memory of Britain from the land. Although, therefore, no positive evidence has been produced, the state policy carries an internal evidence which yields some sanction to the tradition.

It is a nicer difficulty to account for the choice of the Anglian name. It might have been preferred to distinguish the Saxons of Britain from the Saxons of the continent; or the name was adopted being that of the far more numerous race among these people. Four kingdoms of the Octarchy were possessed by the

Angles. Thus doubtful and obscure remains the real origin of our national name, which hitherto has hinged on a suspicious fact.

The casual occurrence of the Engles leaving their name to this land, has bestowed on our country a foreign designation; and—for the contingency was nearly occurring—had the kingdom of Northumbria preserved its ascendancy in the Octarchy, the seat of dominion had been altered. In that case, the low lands of Scotland would have formed a portion of England; York would have stood forth as the metropolis of Britain, and London had been but a remote mart for her port and her commerce. Another idiom, perhaps, too, other manners, had changed the whole face of the country. We had been Northmen, not *Southerns*; our neighbourhood had not *proved* so troublesome to France. But the kingdom of Wessex prevailed, and became the *sole* monarchy of England. Such local contingencies have decided the character of a *whole* people.

The history of *local names* is one of the most capricious and fortuitous in the history of man; the etymologist must not be implicitly trusted, for it is necessary to be acquainted with the history of a people, as much as the history of languages, to be certain of local derivations. We have recently been cautioned by a sojourner in the most ancient of kingdoms, not too confidently to rely on etymology, or to assign too positively any reason for the origin of *local names*. No etymologist could have accounted for the name of our nation, had he not had recourse to our annals. Sir Walter Raleigh, from his observations in the New World, has confirmed

this observation by circumstances which probably remain unknown to the present inhabitants. The actual names given to those places in America, which they still retain, are nothing more *than* the blunders of the first Europeans, demanding by signs, and catching at words, by which neither party was intelligible to the other.—*D'Israeli's Amenities of Literature.*

DEATH OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The procession moved forward in the following order. First came the sheriff and his men; next Mary's keepers, Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drue Drury; the Earl of Kent and Beal; then the Earl of *Shrewsbury* as Earl Marshal, bearing his baton raised, immediately preceding the royal victim, who, having rallied all the energies of her courageous spirit to vanquish bodily infirmity, *moved* with a proud, firm step. She was followed by Melville, who bore her train, and her two weeping ladies clad in mourning weeds. The rear was brought up by Bourgoigne, Gourion, and Gervais, her three medical attendants. A platform, twelve feet square and two and a half high, covered with black cloth, and surrounded with a rail, had been erected at the upper end of the great banqueting hall at Fotheringay, near the fireplace, in *which*, on account of the coldness of the weather, a large fire was burning. On the scaffold was placed the block, the axe, a chair also, covered with black cloth for the queen, with a cushion of crimson velvet before it, and two stools for the Earls of Kent and *Shrewsbury*. About a hundred gentlemen who had been admitted to behold the mournful spec-

tacle stood at the lower end of the hall ; but the scaffold was barricaded, and a strong guard of the sheriff's and marshal's men environed it to prevent the possibility of a rescue.

The dignified composure and melancholy sweetness of her countenance, in *which* the intellectual beauty of reflective middle age had superseded the charms that in youth had been celebrated by all the poets of France and Scotland, her majestic and intrepid demeanour made a profound impression on every one present, when Mary Stuart and her sorrowful followers entered the hall of death. She surveyed the sable scaffold, the block, the axe, the executioner and spectators undauntedly as she advanced to the foot of the scaffold. There she paused, *for* she required assistance. Sir Amyas Paulet tendered her *his* hand to aid her in ascending the two steps by *which* it was approached. Mary accepted the proffered attention of her jailer with the queenly courtesy that was natural to her. "I thank *you*, Sir," she said, "this is the last trouble I shall ever give you."

Having calmly seated herself in the chair that had been provided *for* her, with the two Earls standing on either side, and the executioner in front holding the axe, with the edge towards her, Beale sprang upon the scaffold with unfeeling alacrity, and read the death-warrant in a loud voice. She listened to it with a serene and even smiling countenance ; but, as before, bowed her head, and crossed herself when it was concluded, in token of her submission to the will of God. "Now, Madam," said the Earl of Shrewsbury, "you see what you have to do." She answered briefly and emphatically, "Do *your* duty." Then she asked for her

almoner, that she might pray with him; but this being denied, Dr. Fletcher, the Dean of Peterborough, standing directly before her without the rails, and bending his body very low, began to address her.

"Mr. Dean, trouble not *yourself nor me*," said the Queen, "*for* know that I am settled in the ancient Catholic and Roman faith, in defence whereof, by God's grace, I *mind* to spend my blood." "Madam," replied the Dean, "change your opinion, and repent of your former wickedness." "Good Mr. Dean," rejoined she, "trouble not yourself any more about this matter, I was born in this religion, and am resolved to die in this religion." The Earls, *perceiving* her resolution was *not* to be shaken, said, "Madam, we will pray for your grace, with Mr. Dean, that you may have *your* mind lightened with the true knowledge of God and his word." "My Lords," replied the Queen, "if you will pray with me, I will even from *my* heart thank you, but to pray with *you*, in *your* manner, who are not of the same religion with me were a sin." The Earls then bade the Dean "say on according to his own pleasure." This he did, not by reciting the beautiful office for the dying, or the burial service from our Anglican church, but in a bitter polemic composition of his own, tending neither to comfort nor edification. Mary heeded him *not*, but began to pray with absorbing and tearful earnestness from her own breviary, and the psalter, uniting portions from the 31st, 51st, and 91st psalms. She prayed in Latin, in French, and finally in English, for God to pardon *her* sins and forgive her foes; for Christ's afflicted Church; for the peace and prosperity of England and Scotland; for her son, and for Queen

Elizabeth; not with the ostentation of a Pharisee, but the *holy* benevolence of a dying Christian. At the conclusion of her last prayer, she rose and holding up the crucifix, exclaimed, "As Thy arms, O Christ! were extended on the cross, even so, receive me into the arms of Thy mercy, and blot out all *my* sins with thy most precious blood." "Madam," interrupted the Earl of Kent, "it were better *for* you to eschew *such* popish trumpery, and bear Him in your heart." "Can I," she mildly answered, "hold the representation of the sufferings of my crucified Redeemer in my hand, without bearing him, at the same time in my heart?"

The two executioners seeing her preparing to make herself ready *for* the block, knelt before her and prayed her forgiveness. "I forgive *you* and all the world with all mine heart," she replied, "for I hope this death will give an end to all my troubles." They offered to assist her in removing her mantle: but she drew back, and requested them not to touch her, observing with a smile, "I have not *been* accustomed to be served by such pages of honour, *nor* to *disrobe* before so numerous a company." Then beckoning to Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, who were on their knees in tears below, they came to her on the scaffold; but *when* they saw for what purpose they were required, they began to scream and cry, and were too much agitated at first, to render her the assistance she required, so that she began to take out the pins herself, a thing to which she was not accustomed. "Do *not* weep," said she, tenderly reproving them, "I am very happy to leave this world. You ought to rejoice to see me die in so good a cause. Are you not *ashamed* to weep? Nay, if you do not

give over these lamentations, I must send you away, for you know I have promised for you."

Then she took off her gold pomander, chain and rosary, which she had previously desired one of her ladies to convey to the Countess of Arundel as a last token of her regard. The executioner seized it and secreted it in his shoe. Jane Kennedy, with the resolute spirit of a brave Scotch lassie, snatched it from him, and a struggle ensued. Mary, mildly interposing, said, "Friend, let her have it, she will give you more than its value in money:" but he sullenly replied, "It is *my* perquisite." "It would have been strange indeed," observes our authority, with sarcastic bitterness, "if this poor Queen had met with courtesy from an English hangman, who had experienced so little from the nobles of that country — witness the Earl of Shrewsbury and his wife." Before Mary proceeded further in her preparations for the block, she took a last farewell of her weeping ladies, kissing, embracing, and blessing them, by signing them with the cross, which benediction they received on their knees. Her upper garments being removed, she remained in her petticoat of crimson velvet and camisole which laced behind, and covered her arms with a pair of crimson velvet sleeves. Jane Kennedy now drew from her pocket the gold-bordered handkerchief Mary had given her to bind her eyes. Within this, she placed a *Corpus Christi* cloth, probably the same in which the consecrated wafer sent her by the Pope had been enveloped. Jane folded it corner-wise, kissed it, and with trembling hands prepared to execute this last office; but she and her companion burst into a fresh paroxysm of hysterical sobbing and crying.

Mary placed her finger on her lips, reprovingly. "Hush," said she, "I have promised for you, weep *not*, but pray for me." When they had pinned the handkerchief over the face of their beloved mistress, they were compelled to withdraw from the scaffold; and she was left alone to close up the tragedy of life by herself, which she did with her wonted courage and devotion. Kneeling on the cushion, she repeated in her usual clear, firm voice, — "*In te Domine speravi*," "In thee, Lord, have I hoped, let me never be put to confusion." Being then guided by the executioners to *find* the block, she bowed her head upon it intrepidly, exclaiming as she did so, "*In manus tuas*," "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." The Earl of Shrewsbury raised his baton in performance of his duty as Earl Marshal, and gave the signal for the *coup de grace*, but he averted his head at the same time, and covered his face with his hand to conceal his agitation and *streaming* tears. A momentary pause ensued: for the executioner's assistant *perceived* that the Queen, grasping the block firmly with both hands, was resting her chin upon them; and that they must have been cut off, or mangled if he had *not* removed them, which he did by *drawing* them down and holding them tightly in his own, while his companion struck her with the axe, a cruel but ineffectual blow. Agitated alike by the courage of the royal victim, and the sobs and *groans* of the sympathising spectators, he missed his aim, and inflicted a deep wound on the side of the skull. She neither screamed nor stirred; but her sufferings were too sadly testified by the convulsion of her *features*, when, after the third blow, the butcher work was accomplished, and the

severed head, *streaming* with blood, was held up to the gaze of the people. "God save Queen Elizabeth!" cried the executioner; "So let all her enemies perish!" exclaimed the Dean of Peterborough: one solitary voice alone responded "Amen!" it was that of the Earl of Kent. The *silence*, the tears, and the groans of the witnesses of the tragedy, yea, even of the very assistants in it, proclaimed the feelings with which it had been regarded. — *Agnes Strickland's Lives of the Queens of Scotland.*

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an *excellent* preparative. From the moment you lose sight of the land *you* have left, all is vacancy till you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and *novelties* of another world.

I have said that all at sea is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for *méditation*; but then, they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind *from* worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter railing, or *climb* to the main-top on a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; or to watch the gentle undulating billows rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down from *mý* height on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols. Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship ; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the *surface* ; or the ravenous shark darting like a spectre through the *blue* waters. *Mý* imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery *world* beneath me ; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys ; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth ; and those wild phantasmas, that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail gliding along the edge of the ocean would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world hastening to join the great mass of existence ! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave ; has brought the ends of the earth in communion ; *has* established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south ; diffusing the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life ; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which Nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

We one day descried some *shapeless* object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have *been* completely wrecked ; *for* there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed

off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has been long over; they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; their bones lie *whitening* in the *caverns* of the deep. Silence — oblivion — like the waves have closed over them; and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! What prayers offered up at the deserted fire-side at home! How often has the mistress, the wife, and the mother pored over the daily *news*, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! *How* has expectation darkened into anxiety — anxiety into dread — and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, and was never heard of more!

Washington Irving.

EXTRACT FROM LORD MACAULAY'S VIEW OF THE LIFE AND
CHARACTER OF WARREN HASTINGS.

In the mean *time*, the *preparations* for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the 13th of February, 1788, the *sittings* of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery, and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that *which* was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting and imaginative *mind*. All the various *kinds* of

interest *which* belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments *which* are developed *by* liberty and civilisation were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both *from* co-operation and *from* contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days *when* the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky *nations* living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The *High Court* of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down *from* the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the *great hall* of William Rufus; the hall which had resounded with acclamations to the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall *which* had witnessed the *just sentence* of Bacon, and the *just absolution* of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a *moment* awed, and melted a victorious party inflamed with *just resentment*; the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage *which* has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The *avenues* were *lined* with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear *by* cavalry. The peers *robed* in gold and ermine were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-

arms. The judges in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of *law*. Near a *hundred* and seventy Lords, three-fourths of the Upper House, as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling, to the tribunal. The junior Baron present led the way, George Elliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the *fleets* and *armies* of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all *came* the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and *noble bearing*. The grey old walls were *hung* with *scarlet*. The long galleries were crowded *by* an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together *from* all parts of a *great*, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There, were seated round the Queen, the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There, the ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle *which* no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the *prime* of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There, the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; and *when*, before a senate *which* still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There, were seen, side by side, the greatest painter, and

the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had *allured* Reynolds from the easel *which* has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many *noble* matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound *mine from which* he had extracted a vast treasure of *érudition* : a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with *injudicious* and inelegant ostentation, but still *precious*, massive, and splendid. There, appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the *throne*, had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, *whose* delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued *from* the common decay. There, were the members of that brilliant society *which* quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montagu. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

CONCLUSION OF THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

I.

“ *Who* shall command Estrella's mountain-tide
Back to the source, *when* tempest-chafed, to hie ?
Who, *when* Gascogne's vex'd gulf is raging wide,
Shall hush it as a *nurse* her infant's cry ?
His magic power let such vain boaster try,
And when the torrent shall his voice obey,
And Biscay's whirlwinds list his lullaby,

Let him stand forth and bar *mine* eagle's way,
And they shall heed his voice, and at his bidding stay.

II.

"Else ne'er to *stoop*, till high on Lisbon's towers
They close their wings, the symbol of our yoke,
And their own sea hath *'whelm'd* yon red-cross Powers!"
Thus, on the summit of Alverca's rock,
To Marshal, Duke, and Peer, Gaul's Leader spoke,
While downward on the land his legions press;
Before them it was rich with *vine* and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress; —
Behind their wasteful march, a *reeking* wilderness.

III.

And shall the boastful *Chief* maintain his word,
Though Heaven hath heard the *wailings* of the land,
Though Lusitania *whet* her vengeful sword,
Though Britons arm, and Wellington command?
No! grim Busaco's *iron ridge* shall stand
An *adamantine barrier* to his force;
And from its base shall *wheel* his shatter'd band,
As from the unshaken rock the torrent hoarse
Bears off its *broken waves*, and *seeks* a devious course.

IV.

Yet *not* because Alcoba's mountain hawk
Hath on his best and bravest made her food,
In numbers confident, yon Chief shall baulk
His Lord's imperial *thirst* for spoil and blood:
For full in view the promised conquest stood,
And Lisbon's matrons from their walls might sum

The myriads that had half the world subdued,
And hear the distant thunders of the drum,
That bids the bands of France to storm and havoc
come.

V.

Four moons have heard these thunders idly roll'd,
Have seen the wistful myriads eye their prey,
As famished wolves survey a guarded fold —
But in the middle path a Lion lay !
At length they move — but *not* to battle fray,
Nor blaze yon fires where meets the manly fight ;
Beacons of infamy, they light the way
Where cowardice and cruelty unite
To damn with double *shame* their ignominious flight !

VI.

O triumphs *for* the Fiends of Lust and Wrath !
Ne'er to be told, yet ne'er to be forgot,
What wanton horrors mark'd their wreckful path !
The peasant butcher'd in his ruin'd cot,
The *hoary* priest even at the altar shot,
Childhood and age given o'er to sword and *flame*,
Woman to infamy ; — no crime forgot,
By *which* inventive demons might proclaim
Immortal hate to man, and scorn of God's *great name*.

VII.

The rudest *sentinel*, in Britain born,
With *horror* paused to view the havoc done,
Gave his poor crust to *feed* some wretch forlorn,
Wiped his stern eye, then fiercer grasp'd his gun.
Nor with less zeal shall Briton's peaceful son

Exult the debt of sympathy to pay ;
Riches *nor* poverty the tax shall shun,
Nor prince, nor peer, the wealthy nor the gay,
Nor the poor peasant's mite, *nor* bard's more worthless
lay.

VIII.

But thou — unfoughten, wilt thou yield to Fate,
Minion of Fortune, now miscall'd in vain !
Can vantage ground no confidence create,
Marcella's pass, nor Guarda's mountain-chain ?
Vain-glorious fugitive ! yet turn again !
Behold, *where*, named by some prophetic seer,
Flows Honour's Fountain, as foredoom'd the stain
From thy dishonour'd name and arms to clear —
Fallen Child of Fortune, turn, redeem her favour here !

IX.

Yet, ere thou turn'st, collect *each* distant aid ;
Those chief that never *heard* the Lion roar !
Within whose souls lives *not a trace* portray'd,
Of Talavera, or Mondego's shore !
Marshal each band thou hast, and summon more ;
Of war's fell stratagems exhaust the *whole* ;
Rank upon rank, squadron on squadron pour,
Legion on legion on thy foeman roll,
And weary out his arm ; — thou can'st *not* quell his
soul.

X.

O vainly *gleams* with steel Agueda's shore,
Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,
And front the flying thunders as they roar,
With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in vain !

*And what avails thee that, for Cameron slain,
Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given—
Vengeance and grief gave mountain-rage the rein,
And, at the bloody spear-point headlong driven,
Thy despot's giant guards fled like the rack of heaven.*

XI.

*Go, baffled boaster ! teach thy haughty mood
To plead at thine imperious master's throne ;
Say, thou hast left his legions in their blood,
Deceived his hopes, and frustrated thine own ;
Say, that thine utmost skill and valour shown,
By British skill and valour were outvied ;
Last say, thy conqueror was Wellington !
And if he chafe, be his own fortune tried—
God and our cause to friend, the venture we'll abide.*

XII.

*But you, ye heroes of that well-fought day,
How shall a bard unknowing and unknown,
His meed to each victorious leader pay,
Or bind on every brow the laurels won ?
Yet fain my harp would wake its boldest tone,
O'er the wide sea to hail Cadogan brave !
And he, perchance, the minstrel note might own,
Mindful of meeting brief that Fortune gave
'Mid yon far western isles that hear the Atlantic rave.*

XIII.

*Yes ! hard the task, when Britons wield the sword,
To give each Chief and every field its fame ;
Hark ! Albuera thunders Beresford !
And Red Barossa shouts for dauntless Græme !*

O for a *verse* of tumult and of *fame* !
Bold as the bursting of their cannon sound,
To bid the world *re-echo* to their *fame* !
For never, upon gory battle ground,
With conquest's well-bought wreath were braver victors
crown'd.

XIV.

O *who* shall grudge him *Albuera's* bays,
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their father's praise,
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage steel'd,
And raised fair *Lusitania's* fallen shield,
And gave new edge to *Lusitania's* sword,
And taught her sons *forgotten* arms to wield—
Shiver my harp, and burst its every chord,
If it forget thy worth, victorious *Beresford* !

XV.

Not on that bloody field of battle won,
Though Gaul's proud *legions roll'd* like mist away,
Was half his self-devoted valour shown, —
He gaged but life on that illustrious day ;
But when he toil'd those squadrons to array,
Who fought like Britons in the bloody game
Sharper than Polish pike or assagay,
He braved the shafts of censure and of *shame*,
And, dearer far than life, he pledged a soldier's *fame*.

XVI.

Nor be his praise o'erpast who strove to hide
Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound,
Whose wish Heaven for his country's weal denied ;
Danger and fate he sought, but glory found.

From *clime* to *clime*, where'er war's trumpets sound,
 The wanderer went ; yet, Caledonia ! still
Thine was his thought in march and tented ground ;
 He dream'd 'mid *Alpine* cliffs of Athole's hill,
 And heard in Ebro's *roar*, his Lyndoch's lovely rill.

XVII.

O *hero* of a race renown'd of old,
 Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle swell
 Since *first* distinguish'd in the onset bold,
 Wild sounding *when* the Roman rampart fell !
 By Wallace' side it rung the Southron's knell ;
 Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibber, own'd its *fame*,
 Tummell's rude pass can of its terrors tell,
 But ne'er from prouder field *arose* the *name*,
 Than when wild Ronda learn'd the conquering shout of
 Græme !

XVIII.

But all *too* long, through seas unknown and dark,
 (With Spenser's parable I *close* mý tale,)
 By *shoal* and rock hath steer'd mý ventúrou's bark,
 And landward now I drive before the gale.
 And now the blue and distant shore I hail,
 And nearer now I see the port expand ;
 And now I gladly furl my *weary* sail,
 And as the prow light touches on the strand,
 I strike mý *red-cross* flag, and *bind* mý skiff to land.
Scott.

THE CHURCHYARD.

The willow shade is on the ground,
A green and solitary shade;
And many a wild flower on that mound,
Its pleasant summer home has made.

And every breath that waves a leaf,
Flings down upon the lonely flowers
A moment's sunshine, bright and brief—
A blessing looked by passing hours.

Those sweet vague sounds are on the air,
Half sleep, half song, — false half, half true,
As if the wind that brought them there
Had touched them with its music too.

It is the very place to dream
Away a twilight's idle rest;
Where Thought floats down a starry stream,
Without a shadow on its breast.

Where Wealth, the fairy gift's our own,
Without its low and petty cares;
Where Pleasure some new veil has thrown
To hide the weary face she wears.

Where hopes are high, yet cares come not,
Those fellow-waves of life's drear sea,
Its froth and depth—where Love is what
Love only in a dream can be.

I cannot muse beside that mound —
I cannot dream beneath that shade;
Too solemn is the haunted ground
Where Death his resting-place has made.

I feel mÿ heart beat but to think
Each pulse is bearing life away ;
I cannot *rest* upon the grave,
And *nót* feel kindred to its clay.

There is a name upon the stone —
Alas! and can it be the same —
The young, the lovely, and the loved?—
It is *too soon* to bear thy name.

Too soon!—oh no, 'tis best to die
Ere all of life save breath is fled ;
Why live when feelings, friends and hopes,
Have long *been* numbered with the dead?

But thou, thy heart and cheek were bright —
No check, no soil had either known ;
The angel natures of yon sky
Will only be to thee *thine* own.

Thou knew'st no rainbow hopes that weep
Themselves away to deeper shade ;
Nor Love, whose very happiness
Should make the wakening heart afraid.

The green leaves e'en in spring that fall,
The tears the stars at midnight weep,
The dewy wild flowers such as these
Are fitting mourners o'er thy sleep.

For human tears are lava drops,
That scorch and wither as they flow :
Then let them flow for those who live,
And not for those who *sleep* below.

Oh, weep for those *whose* silver chain
Has long been loosed, and yet live on —
The *doomed* to drink of life's dark wave,
Whose golden bowl has long *been* gone !

Ay, weep for those, the wearied, worn,
Dragged downward by some *earthly* tie,
By some *vain* hope, some vainer love,
Who loathe to live, yet fear to die.
L. E. Landon.

THE WAKENING.

How many thousands are *wakening* now !
Some to the songs from the forest bough,
To the rustling leaves at the lattice pane,
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep mid sea,
To the dash of the waves in their *foaming* glee,
As they *break* into spray on the ship's tall side,
That holds through the tumult her path of pride.

And some, — oh ! well may their hearts rejoice, —
To the gentle sound *of* a mother's voice ;
Long shall they yearn for that *kindly* tone,
When from the board and the hearth 't is gone.

And some in the camp, to the bugle's breath,
And the tramp *of* the steed on the echoing heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
Which tells that a field must, e'er night, be won.

And some, in the gloomy convict cell,
 To the dull deep note of the warning bell,
 As it heavily calls them forth to die,
 While the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
 And some to the sounds *from* the city borne;
 And some to the *rolling* of torrent floods,
 Far midst old mountains and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this chequer'd earth,
 Each unto light hath a daily birth;
 Though fearful or joyous, though sad or sweet,
 Be the voices *which* first our upspringing meet.

But one must the sound be, and one the call,
 Which from the dust shall awake us all!
 One, though to severed and distant dooms—
 How shall the sleepers arise from their tombs?
Mrs. Hemans.

MOONLIGHT.

'Tis moonlight over Oman's Sea;
 Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
 Bask in the night-beam beauteously,
 And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
 'Tis moonlight in Harmozia's walls;
 And through her Emir's porphyry halls,
 Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
 Of trumpet, and the clash of zel,
 Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell; —

The peaceful sun, *whom* better suits
The music of the bulbul's nest,
Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
To sing him to his golden rest !
All hushed — there's not a breeze in *motion* ;
The shore is silent as the *ocean*.
If zephyrs come, so light they come,
Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven ; —
The *wind*-tower on the Emir's dome,
Can hardly win a breath from Heaven.

E'en *he*, that tyrant Arab, *sleeps*
Calm, while a *nation* round him *weeps* ;
While curses load the air he breathes,
And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths
Are starting to avenge the *shame*
His race hath brought on Iran's *name*.
Hard, heartless Chief, unmov'd alike
'Mid eyes that *weep*, and swords that strike ; —
One of that saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think, through unbelievers' blood
Lies their directest path to Heaven ; —
One, who will pause and kneel unshod
In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
To mutter o'er some text of God
Engraven on his *reeking* sword ; —
Nay, *who* can coolly note the *line*,
The letter of those words *divine*,
To *which* his *blade*, with searching art,
Had sunk into its victim's heart !

Just Allah ! *what* must be thy look,
When *such* a wretch before thee stands
Unblushing, with thy *Sacred Book*,—
Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,
And wresting from its page sublime
His *creed* of lust, and hate, and crime ?
E'en as those bees of Trebizond, —
Which, from the sunniest flowers that glad
With their pure smile the *gardens* round,
Draw venom forth that drives men mad !

Never did fierce Arabia send
A satrap forth more direly great ;
Never was Iran *doom'd* to bend
Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
Her throne had fall'n, — her pride was crush'd, —
Her sons were willing slaves, *nor* blush'd
In their own land, — no more their *own*, —
To crouch beneath a stranger's *throne*.
Her towers, where Mithra once had burned,
To Moslem *shrines* — oh shame ! — were turned,
Where slaves, converted by the *sword*,
Their mean, apostate worship *pour'd*,
And *curs'd* the faith their sires *ador'd*.
Yet has she hearts, mid all this ill,
O'er all this wreck, high buoyant still
With *hope* and vengeance ; — hearts that yet —
Like gems in darkness issuing rays
They've *treasur'd* from the sun that's set —
Beam all the light of long lost days :
And swords she *hath*, *nor* weak nor slow
To second all such hearts can dare ;

As he shall know, — well, dearly know,
 Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,
Tranquil, as if his spirit lay
Becalm'd in Heav'n's approving ray !
Sleep on — *for* purer eyes than thine
Those waves were hush'd, those planets shine :
Sleep on, and be thy rest *unmov'd*
By the white *moonbeam's* dazzling power ; —
None but the *loving* and the *lov'd*
Should be awake at this sweet hour. *Moore.*

TRAVELLERS TAKING SHELTER IN A FOREST.

Obliged to seek some covert near at hand,
A *shady grove* not far away they spied,
That promised aid the tempest to withstand ;
 Whose lofty trees, gay clad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad, they Heaven's light did hide,
Not to be pierc'd by power of any star ;
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far :
Fair shelter, as it seemed, so soon they entered are.

And on they pass, by pleasure forward led,
Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
Who here, safe *shrouded* from the tempest dread,
Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
Much did they praise the trees, so straight and *high* ;
The *sailing pine*, the cedar proud and tall ;
Vine-*propping* elm, and poplar never dry ;
The builder oak, sole king of forests all ;
The *aspen*, good for staves ; the cypress, funeral.

The laurel, *meed* of mighty conquerors,
 And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still;
 The willow, wont to *twine* the mourner's brow;
 The yew, obedient to the bender's will;
 The birch for shafts, the *sallow* for the mill;
 The myrrh, sweet gums distilling from its wound;
 The warlike *beech*, the ash for *nothing* ill;
 The fruitful olive, and the plaintain round;
 The carver's holme; the maple, seldom inward sound.

Spenser.

SONGS OF THE PIXIES.

The Pixies, in the superstition of Devonshire, are a race of beings invisibly small, and harmless or friendly to man. At a small distance from a village in that county, half way up a wood-covered hill, is an excavation, called the Pixies' parlour. The roots of old trees form its ceiling, and on its sides are innumerable cyphers, among which the author discovered his own cypher, and those of his brothers, cut by the hand of their childhood. At the foot of these hills flows the river Otter. To this place the author conducted a party of young ladies during the summer months of 1793, one of whom, of stature elegantly small, and of complexion colourless yet clear, was proclaimed the Fairy Queen. On which occasion, and at which time, the following irregular ode was written.

I.

Whom the untaught shepherds call
 Pixies in their madrigal,
 Fancy's children, here we dwell;
 Welcome, Ladies! to our cell.

Here, the wren, *of* softest note,
Builds its nest and warbles well ;
Here the blackbird *strains* his throat,
Welcome, Ladies ! to our cell.

II.

When fades the *moon* all shadowy pale,
And scuds the cloud before the gale,
Ere Morn, with living gems bedight,
Streaks the East with purple light,
We sip the furze flower's fragrant *dews*
Clad in *robes* of rainbow hues,
Richer than the deepened bloom
That glows on Summer's scented plume,
Or sport amid the *rosy gleam*,
Soothed by the distant tinkling team,
While lusty labour, scouting sorrow,
Bids the *dame* a glad good morrow,
Who jogs the accustomed road along,
And paces cheery to her cheery song.

III.

But not one filmy pinion,
We scorch amid the blaze of day,
When *noon-tide's* fiery tressèd minion
Flashes the fervid ray.
Aye from the sultry heat,
We in the cave retreat,
O'ercanopied by huge *roots* intertwined
With wildest texture, blackened o'er with age ;
Round *them* their mantle green the ivies bind,

Beneath whose foliage pale,
 Fanned by the unfrequent gale,
 We shield us *from* the tyrant's mid-day rage.

IV.

Thither, while the murmuring throng
 Of wild bees hum their drowsy song,
 By Indolence and Fancy brought,
 A youthful Bard, "unknown to fame,"
 Woos the Queen of Solemn Thought,
 And heaves the gentle misery of a sigh,
 Gazing with *tearful* eye,
 As round our sandy grot appear
 Many a rudely sculptured name
 To pensive Memory dear !
 Weaving gay dreams of sunny tinctured hue
 We glance before his view :
 O'er his hushed soul our soothing witcheries shed,
 And twine our fairy garlands round his head.

V.

When Evening's dusky car,
 Crowned with her *dewy* star,
 Steals o'er the fading sky in shadowy flight,
 On leaves of aspen trees
 We tremble to the breeze,
 Veiled from the grösser ken of mortal sight :
 Or, haply at the visionary hour,
 Along our wild sequestered walk,
 We listen to the enamoured rustic's talk ;
 Heave with the *hevings* of the maiden's breast,
 Where young eyed loves have built their turtle nest,

1. THE STATE OF NEW YORK
 2. THE SENATE
 3. THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

7

Or through the mystic tangles of the rain,
We flash our happy feet in gossamer track:
Or, when would'st I pay our better love,
Casting the spirit of the Western rain,
Where waivered with the flower-carrying sport,
Saying in murmurs on a richer track:
Then with sweet music from the parting gleam,
By lonely *Ocean's* deep persuading stream:
Or where the wave with loud trumpet sang,
Dash'd o'er the rocky channel froths along,
Or where, the silver waters smoothed to rest,
The tall tree's shadow sleeps upon his breast.

VII

Hence! thou lingering light!
 Eve saddens into night.
 Mother of wildly working dreams! we view
 The sombre hours that round thee stand
 With downcast eyes (a *dateous* band),
 Their dark robes dripping with the heavy dew.
 Sorceress of the ebon throne!
 Thy power the Pixies own,
 When round thy raven brow
 Heaven's lucent *roses* glow,
 And clouds in watery colours dress'd,
 Float in light drapery o'er thy sable vest.

What time the pale moon sheds a softer ray
 Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive beam,
 For 'mid the quivering light 'tis ours to play,
 Aye dancing to the cadence of the stream.

VIII.

Welcome Ladies ! to the cell
 Where the blameless pixies dwell.
 But thou, *sweet* nymph ! proclaimed our Faery Queen,
 With what obeisance meet
 Thy presence shall we greet ?
 For lo ! attendant on thy steps are seen
 Graceful ease in artless stole,
 And white-robed Purity of Soul,
 With Honour's softer mien ;
 Mirth of the loosely flowing hair,
 And meek-eyed Pity, eloquently fair,
 Whose tearful cheeks are lovely to the view
 As snow-drop wet with dew.
 Unboastful maid ! though now the lily pale
 Transparent grace thy beauties meek ;
 Yet, ere *again* along the impurpling vale,
 The purpling vine and Elfin haunted grove,
 Young Zephyr his fresh flowers profusely throws,
 We'll tinge with livelier hues thy cheek,
 And haply from the nectar-breathing rose
 Extract a blush for love.

Coleridge's Songs of the Pixies.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

There went three kings into the *east*,
Three kings both great and *high* ;
And they have sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn shall die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
Put clods upon his *head* ;
And then they swore a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came *kindly* on,
And showers began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up *again*,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong ;
His head well armed with pointed spears
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild
And he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Showed he began to fail.

His colour sickened more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To show *their* deadly rage.

They've taken a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They fill'd up a darksome pit,
With water to the brim ;
They heav'd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To *work* him farther woe ;
And still as signs of life appeared
They tossed him to and fro.

They *wasted* o'er a scorching flame
The *marrow* of his *bones* ;
But a miller used him *worst* of all,
For he crushed him *between* two *stones*.

And they have taken *his* very *heart's* blood,
And drunk it round and round ;
And still the more, the more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold
Of *noble* enterprise ;
For if you do but *taste* his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man *forget* his woe,
'Twill heighten all his joy ;

'Twill make the widow's heart to sing
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us *toast* John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in good Scotland. *Burns.*

THE END.



